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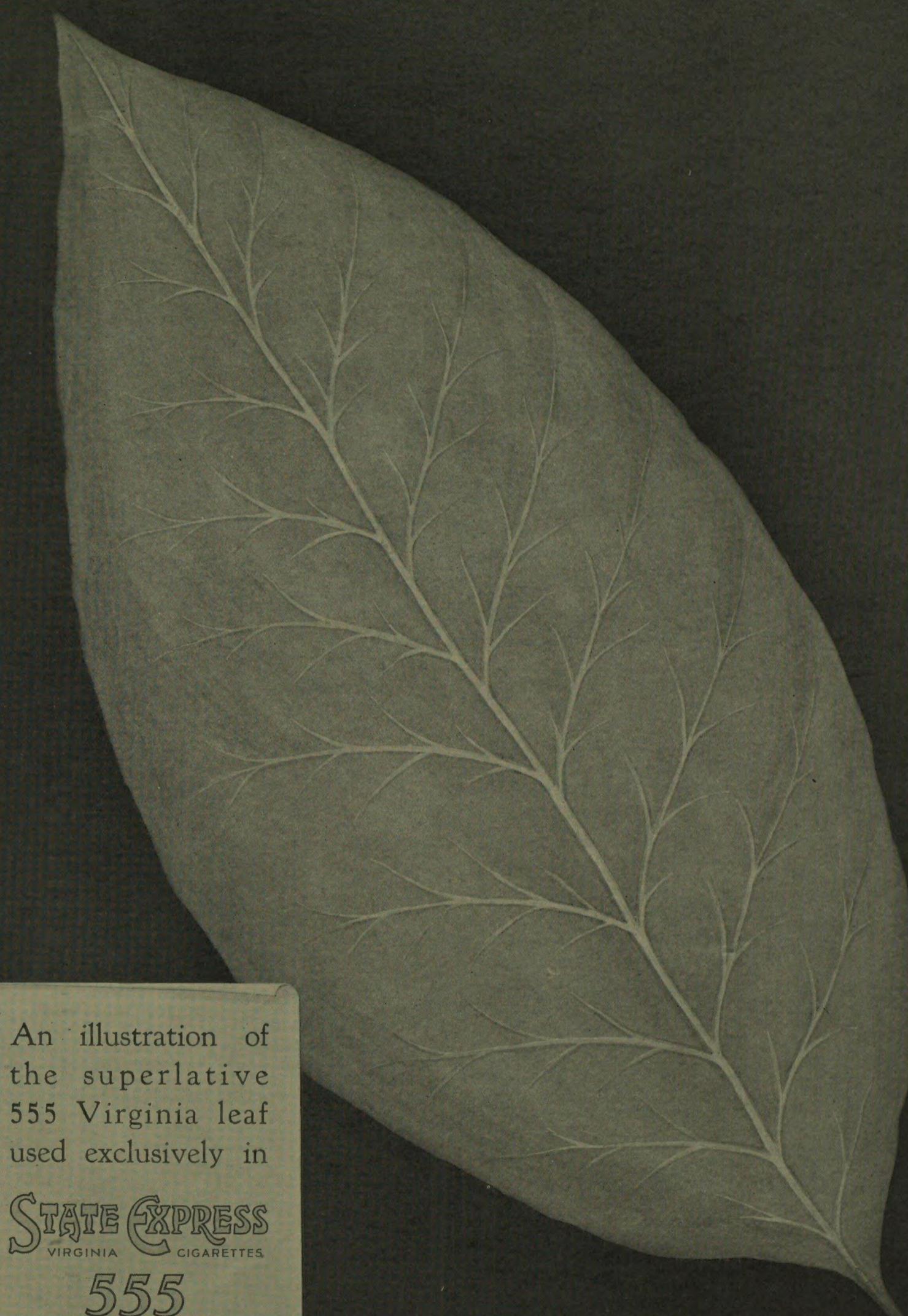
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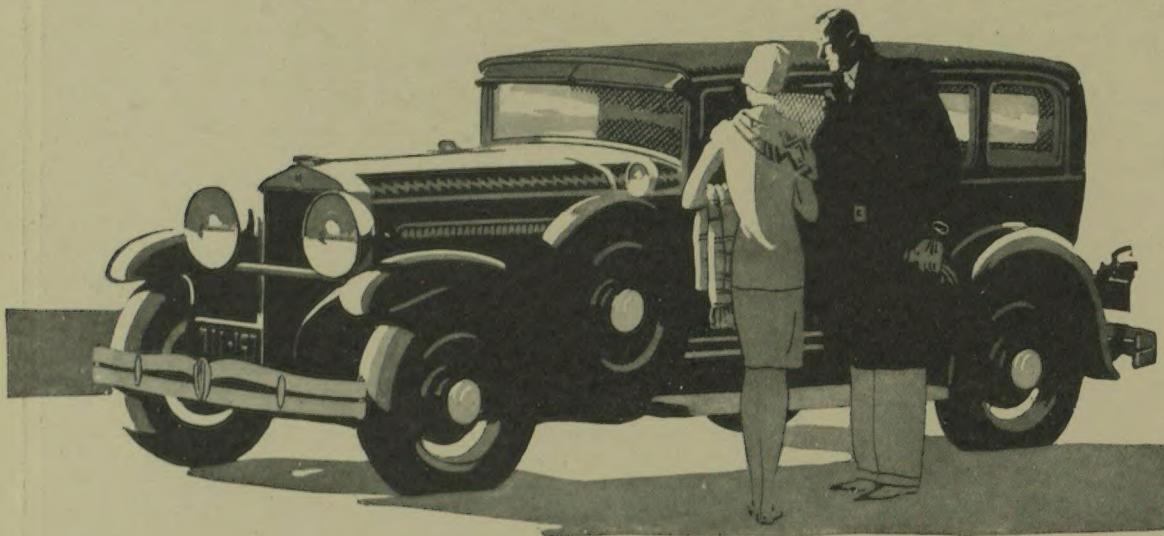
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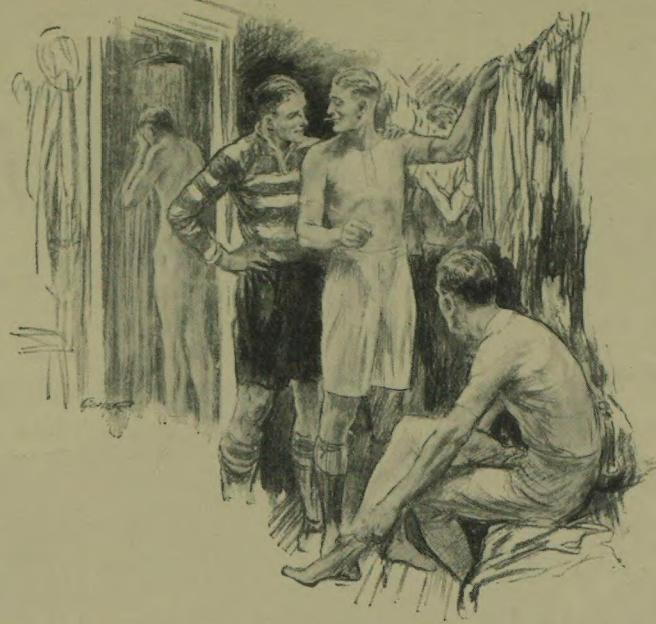
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1928.

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THE "GOLDEN-CRESTED 'LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD'": PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK.

Princess Elizabeth, as this charming photograph shows, has left behind the days of toddling babyhood. It is sixteen months now since her reunion with her parents, the Duke and Duchess of York, on their return from Australia. Describing her on that happy occasion, Lady Cynthia Asquith writes in her recently published book, "The Duchess of York" (noticed in our last number): "Princess Elizabeth . . . knows how to smile strangers

into slavery. Perhaps she has inherited her mother's instinctive courtesy? Or perhaps she is blessed with the faculty of being pleased as well as of pleasing? Certainly she is endowed with an enviable natural serenity. And her social gifts are remarkable. This golden-crested 'little friend of all the world,' who has a complexion of transparent fairness and a brilliant blue gaze, has captivated London." (She was born, it may be recalled, on April 21, 1926.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

ONE of the old sayings repeated eternally by everybody, and rather especially by those who pride themselves on novelty and originality, is the statement that old people tend to be conservative, and that it is only the young who can really believe in change. And yet this saying seems to me to be rather less than a half-truth—so much less as to be very nearly two-thirds of a lie. My own experience is this: that I was really much more conservative when I was a boy, though I admit that I was too conservative to be even conscious of how conservative I was. I mean that I was conservative in this sense—that I did not really believe that the fashion of this world could pass away. I had certain ideals of reforming it, and to a great extent I have the same ideals still. In so far as they have changed, it is not in the direction of being any more content with the corruption and oppression of the world. I was once what I called a Socialist; I am now what I call a Distributist. But the ideal of simplicity and small property is rather more unlike the existing condition than the ideal of Communism. It would change the world more to turn it into what I want than to turn it into what Mr. Philip Snowden wants. There is less difference than many suppose between the ideal Socialist system, in which the big businesses are run by the State, and the present Capitalist system, in which the State is run by the big businesses. They are much nearer to each other than either is to my own ideal—of breaking up the big businesses into a multitude of small businesses. That would be really a change; but I am still ready for that change, and I see no reason to doubt that, when I am tottering on crutches at the age of ninety, I shall still be ready for that change. What I was not ready for, in my youth, was something quite real and entirely different. I did not know that the world itself changes, long before we can change it.

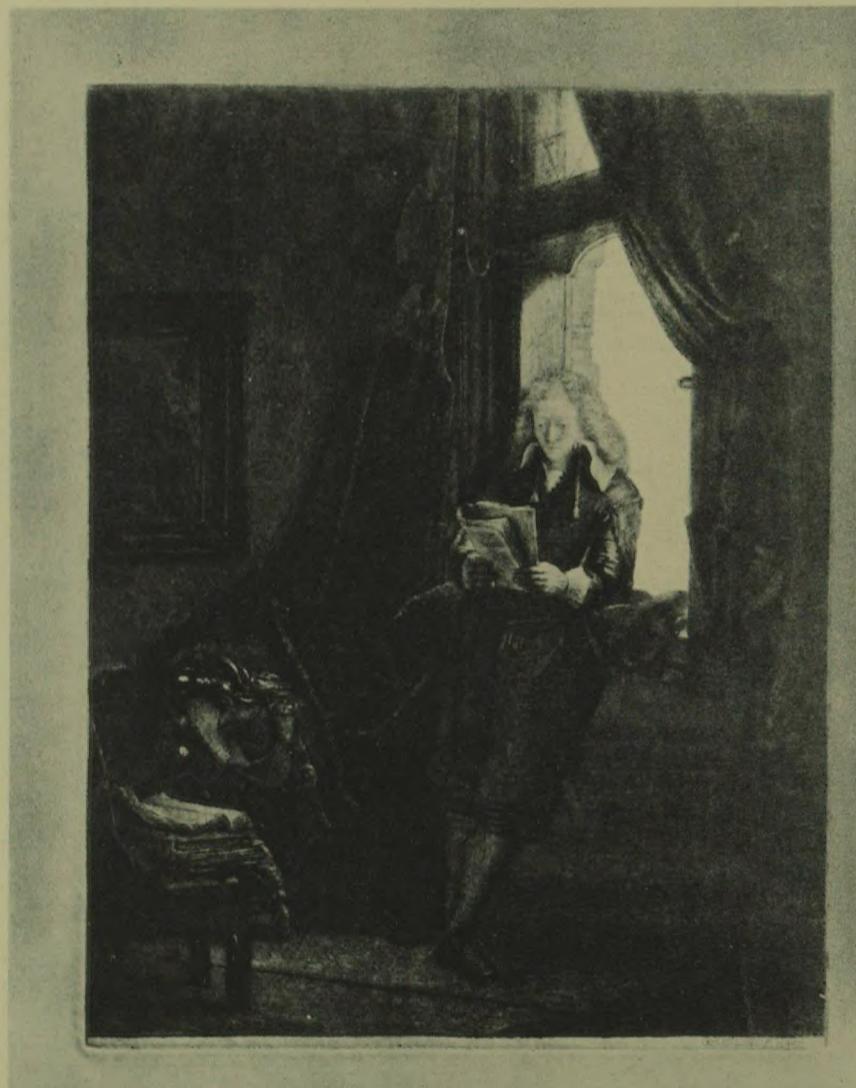
Take a commonplace example for convenience. I sympathised then, and I sympathise still, with various claims of Labour which arose especially in connection with the coal-mines and with the railways. I do not think I have weakened in this: if anything, I think I was more doubtful and groping when I was young. But there was one thing that I never really doubted when I was young. And that was that coal would continue to support England and enrich the capitalists of England. I thought of this unique wealth as one of the conditions of the case, which might be attacked in various ways, moderate, greedy, revolutionary, and so on. But I vaguely assumed that the coal would be there, as I assumed that the sea would be there. Yet these things also can change; and even the sea is not quite so significantly and satisfactorily there since the alteration of the relations of ships and aeroplanes. I was accustomed to the two sides of the old argument about whether coal-owners were too rich; I never really looked forward to the new argument that coal-owners are too poor. I was accustomed to the talk of heaping up riches or dividing riches or justly distributing riches; but I had forgotten the old Scriptural figure that the riches themselves take to themselves wings and fly. In a word, I could not imagine change, the real fundamental changes of this earthly life, because I was too conservative, being a boy.

In the same way, I knew all about the grumbling of railway passengers against railway porters, and in the same way about the grumbling of railway porters against railway directors. I sympathised more with the latter than with the former, and I do still. But when I was a boy, which was just before the motor-car burst upon the world, I never dreamed of doubting that the railway-train dominated the whole future of the world. It was the latest great locomotive that man had invented. And that conservative spirit of childhood always makes the child think of the latest as the last. To talk, as some people are now talking, of whether railways will become obsolete, of whether steam can be superseded, of whether railway stock

differently: he feels as I feel about motoring. I do not feel in this cosmic and conservative way about motoring, but I think it probable that the young who are younger than motoring really do. If you talk to them of a future without motoring, of a coming time when petrol will be scarcer than coal and men will walk about on their feet for want of wheels to carry them, it will seem like an unthinkable nightmare of negation. It will seem what the amputation of all legs would seem to a population of pedestrians. But they also will learn in due course what they cannot conceive now, just as I have learnt in due course what I could not have conceived then: that it is the world that alters, even more than we who alter it.

Of course, it is a comparatively slow alteration, which to some middle-headed evolutionists seems to make it more consoling, but in fact makes it much more dangerous. It may or may not be true that petrol will replace coal or cars replace railways. But nobody supposes that Waterloo Station fell in a heap of ruins when the first taxicab went across Waterloo Bridge, or that bats and owls nested in Clapham Junction when the first petrol-pump was set up on the road to Clapham Common. The point is not whether the changes are as rapid and revolutionary as the young are supposed generally to expect. The point is that they are not the changes they were expecting. Above all, the point is that they are changes in the very material they propose to treat—not changes in the manner of treating it. It is not a question of a younger generation wishing to carve the Phrygian cap or the Tree of Liberty on a stone that has been marked out for decoration with the Crown or the Cross. It is a question of the stone crumbling away before it can be carved with anything, because they have forgotten the air they breathe, and the sky and the weather of the world.

We are always being told nowadays to allow for the natural impulses and instincts of youth. Let us be careful to allow for this most profound instinct of youth, its innocent conservatism. Let us always remember that to the very young the world they see really seems to be eternal; and that, however much they may talk a current cant about novelty and mutability, they do not really expect the externals of their world to be profoundly altered by time. Notice, for instance, what is the very phrase used in defence of any novelty. Observe what is really said in praise of the electric toothpick or the petrol pea-shooter. We are always assured that the discovery "has come to stay." We, who have lived long enough to understand the real value of life, know perfectly well that nothing of that sort has ever come to stay. It may do all things; but there is one thing that it cannot do, and that is to stay. We shall show no irritation, please God, on being repeatedly introduced to the Hat of the Future and the Umbrella of the New Age and the Goloshes of the Good Time Coming. But the only thing we really have learnt from life is that the good time will be going as well as coming, and that, in the book of fashions, the Hat of the Future will be recorded as the Hat of the Past. It is now the custom to condemn youth as too frivolous. But youth is always too serious; and just now it is too serious about frivolity. The conservatism of youth is a good thing; and it is not even necessary to conserve it.



A REMBRANDT ETCHING LATELY BOUGHT FOR 90,000 FLORINS, BY A LONDON FIRM, IN THE SIX SALE AT AMSTERDAM: THE PORTRAIT OF BURGOMASTER SIX, FOUNDER OF THE COLLECTION, BEARING THE ARTIST'S NAME.

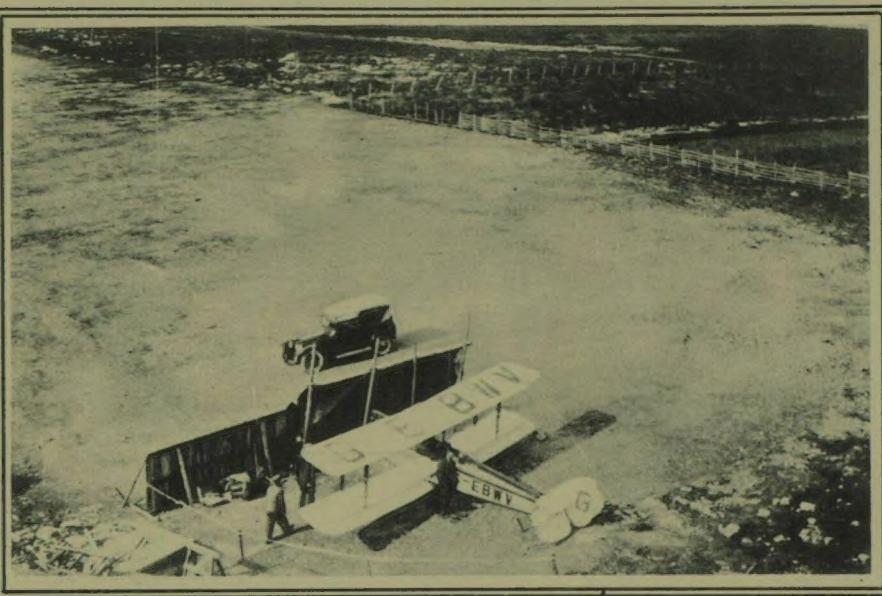
In the sale of the great Six Collection of art treasures, begun at Amsterdam on October 16, the prices realised were far beyond expectation. Rembrandt's etching of Burgomaster Six (reproduced above), a splendid proof of the second state, bearing the name of Rembrandt upon it (in the lower right-hand corner), was bought by Messrs. Colnaghi, the well-known art dealers, of New Bond Street, for 90,000 florins. Another example of the same etching, in the third state, fetched 28,000 florins. Other pictures that brought large sums are reproduced on a later page in this number.

Reproduced from the Illustrated Catalogue. By Courtesy of the Auctioneers, Messrs. Frederik Muller & Cie., Doelenstraat, 16 to 18, Amsterdam.

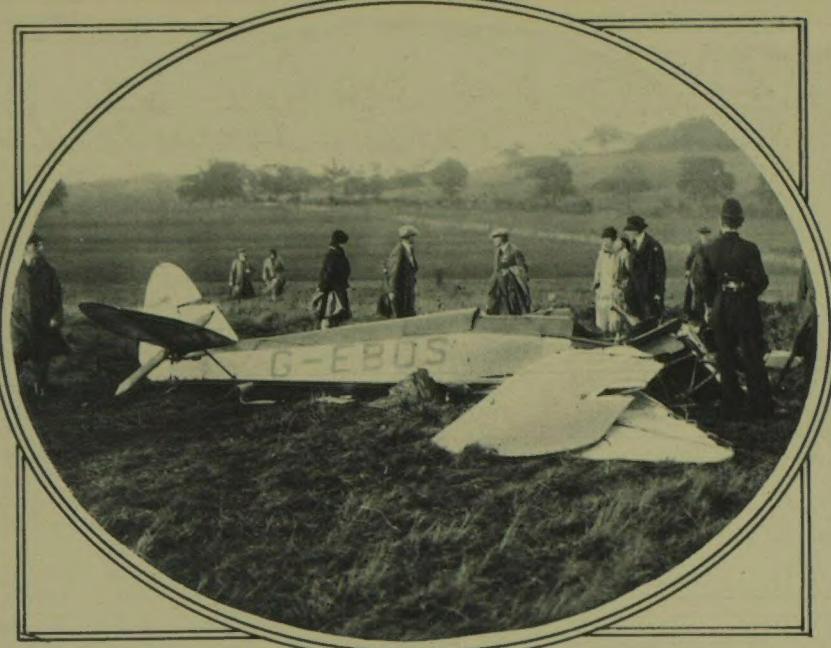
will always be as safe as it was—all this would have been to me a prophecy as unintelligible as some of those Old Testament visions that seem a medley of wheels and wings and clouds. Railways had been firmly established before I was born; I never dreamed of doubting that they would remain exactly the same after I died. They seemed to me simply the iron framework of England, and almost of existence: as if the embankments were built before the everlasting hills or the trains of "Bradshaw" followed their appointed circuit like the stars. If there is any old gentleman still alive who remembers the time when there were no railways, he probably feels quite

sorts of other things; but there is one thing that it cannot do, and that is to stay. We shall show no irritation, please God, on being repeatedly introduced to the Hat of the Future and the Umbrella of the New Age and the Goloshes of the Good Time Coming. But the only thing we really have learnt from life is that the good time will be going as well as coming, and that, in the book of fashions, the Hat of the Future will be recorded as the Hat of the Past. It is now the custom to condemn youth as too frivolous. But youth is always too serious; and just now it is too serious about frivolity. The conservatism of youth is a good thing; and it is not even necessary to conserve it.

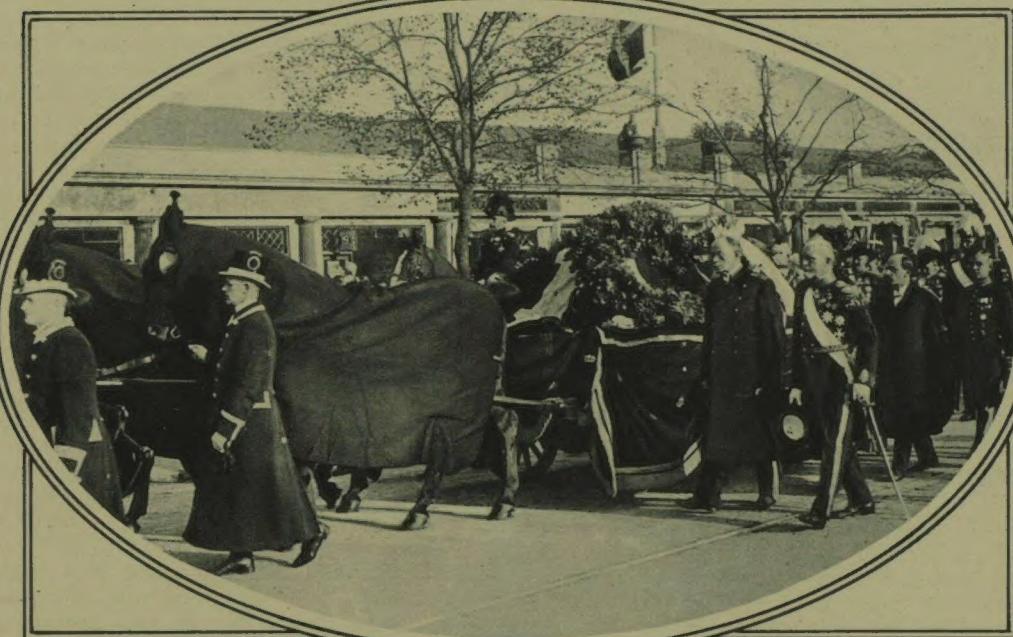
THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE LONE ATLANTIC FLIGHT OF LIEUT.-COMMANDER HENRY C. MACDONALD : TUNING-UP THE 880-LB. GYPSY-MOTH BEHIND A SCREEN AT HARBOUR GRACE, NEWFOUNDLAND. Lieut.-Commander H. C. MacDonald, D.S.C., left Newfoundland at 4.51 a.m. on October 17 in an attempt to make a solo flight to London. At the moment of writing, he is missing. The aeroplane, which is that in which Captain Broad made his record twenty-four-hours' duration flight, weighs only 880 lb., and has an 85-100-h.p. engine. Commander MacDonald was at the Battle of Jutland.

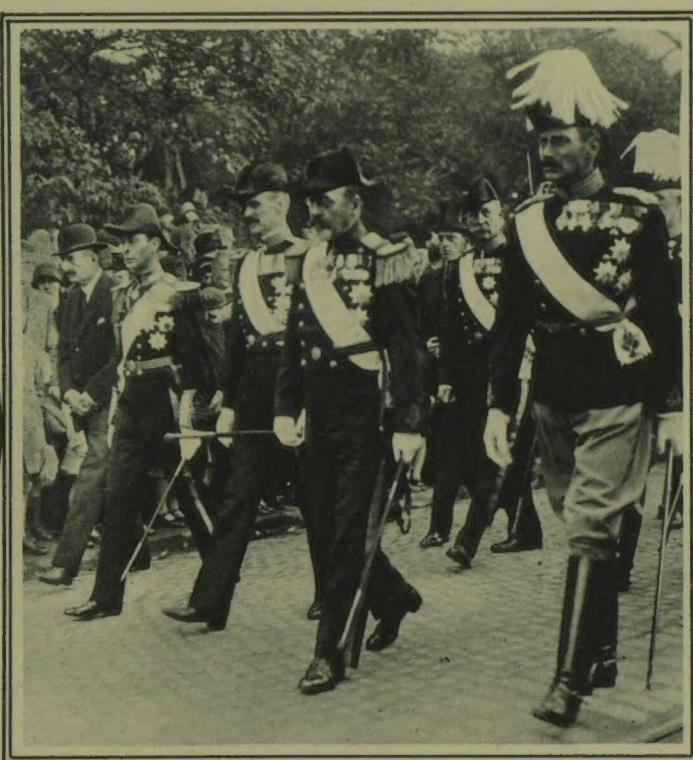


THE CRASH ON THE MOTE MOUNT GOLF COURSE : THE WRECKED AEROPLANE AFTER IT HAD FALLEN WITH THE MISSSES O'BRIEN AND LEITH. Miss Sioele O'Brien, eldest daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, piloting a Moth, crashed on the Mote Mount golf course, which had been opened on that day, on October 20. She was so seriously injured that she had to have a leg amputated. Her passenger, Miss Mildred Leith, half-sister of Lord Burgh, suffered from concussion.



THE FUNERAL OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AT COPENHAGEN : THE HEARSE, WITH THE COFFIN, PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS ON OCTOBER 19.

The funeral of the Dowager Empress of Russia began with a service in the Russian Church at Copenhagen, a service during which, according to custom, all the members of the congregation held lighted candles. The coffin was then removed in the royal hearse to the Eastern railway station, followed by the Kings and Princes on foot, and the Queen and other royal ladies in carriages. Special trains took the body and the chief mourners to Roskilde Cathedral, where the final ceremony was private. The remains were placed near those of the dead Empress's



THE FUNERAL OF THE DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA : THE DUKE OF YORK, THE KING OF NORWAY, PRINCE WALDEMAR, AND THE KING OF DENMARK.

parents in King Christian the Ninth's Chapel. After this Guards officers, who had been preceded by a procession of Russian priests, and followed by two of the late Empress's Body Cossacks, bore in Danish and Imperial Russian flags, and these were laid upon the coffin.



THE MEMORIAL TO THE GUARDS WHO FELL DURING THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME IN SEPTEMBER 1916 : THE SIMPLE WOODEN CROSS SET UP AFTER THE BATTLE.

The monument in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and guardsmen of the Guards Division who fell in action during the Battle of the Somme in 1916, stands on the Ginchy-Le Transloy road, on the crest of the ridge, half a mile or so from Les Bœufs and almost two miles from Delville Wood. The original wooden cross set up after the battle is close to it. Major-General Sir Geoffrey Feilding, who was in command of the Guards Division throughout



THE ONLY MONUMENT TO THE GUARDS IN FRANCE : THE MEMORIAL UNVEILED ON THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD ON OCTOBER 21, ON THE RIDGE NEAR LES BŒUFS.

the engagement, performed the ceremony. Inviting him to do so, Lord Cavan referred to "the long fight which brought the Allied Armies to the summit of this ridge . . . gained after many weeks of stubborn fighting against a brave and determined enemy. Only by the heroic self-sacrifice of those to whom we now do honour was the capture of this position possible. Again, it would not have been possible had not our Allies supported us throughout. . . . We fought as one Army."

The Scientific Side of the Detection of Crime.

No. XIX.—DISGUISES OF THE DETECTIVE AND THE CRIMINAL.*

By H. ASHTON-WOLFE, Assistant Investigator under Dr. Georges Béroud, Director of the Marseilles Scientific Police Laboratories.

THE question has often been asked: Do detectives actually use disguises; and do malefactors try to escape by altering their appearance? Disguises are most certainly used by the police when they suspect that their appearance is familiar to the criminal whom they seek. Rarely, however, does the detective resort to such theatrical expedients as a wig, beard, or moustache. A false beard can be detected by the merest novice, and a wig has to be absolutely perfect to deceive anyone in daylight, since complexion, eyelashes, the colour of the eyes, and eyebrows, must all be in keeping with the wig.

the officer who desires to disguise himself successfully buys an outfit which has been thoroughly seasoned from someone in the trade.

Although disguises are used in England, they are not so necessary as abroad, because no town in England is infested by such criminals as those with whom, for instance, Paris or Marseilles has to deal; nor is there the same profusion of technical jargon and slang. Another reason is that the British police dispose of more detectives than the police abroad. As at Scotland Yard, the Sûreté has trained men who deal only with one type of offence. Some combat

the drug traffickers; others, pickpockets; others, again, the confidence tricksters. This system has many advantages, but the detectives quickly become known, and are, therefore, compelled to use disguises. It is obvious that, when a criminal comes before the courts for trial, many of his pals are sure to be present in the public enclosure or gallery; and, when the detective who made the arrest goes into the witness box, his name and rank, which prosecution

and defence repeat loudly enough for all to hear, are noted—for future use—and his appearance carefully studied. Thus, after only one or two cases, the detective has become a familiar figure; he is immediately spotted, and some sort of disguise becomes indispensable if his career of usefulness is not to end.

It is not always necessary to alter the face. If a house or a street is under observation, or a man is being shadowed, the great thing is to vary the outline—the silhouette. When the wanted man emerges from his hiding place, or before he enters it, he gives a quick glance around; if there is nothing suspicious in the appearance of a couple of navvies standing before a public house, or if a figure that fits the neighbourhood

is shuffling aimlessly along some distance away, all is well; but should that same figure be there again later, or even appear to follow him, the criminal will take alarm at once. This means quick-change work for the detective in order to transform his outline. One of the smartest men at the Marseilles Sûreté always carries a pair of rope-soled shoes in his pocket and wears light footgear which will easily fold; another pocket holds a rough

cap, and his hat, although purposely of the Tom Mix type, is made to roll up. Under jacket and waistcoat he wears a workman's blue overall. Should his quarry appear suspicious, he steps into a dark doorway; hat, shoes, coat, and the rest are crammed into a small sack, or wrapped in paper, and he emerges a moment later in canvas *espadrilles*, blue smock, bandanna neckcloth, and cap. A stoop or a lumbering gait is assumed, and the tall figure in the wide-brimmed hat has disappeared to be replaced by a slouching labourer, with grimy face half hidden by a cap. A second change can be

effected as quickly by stuffing the smock and cap into the sack. The neckcloth is twisted round the head; a pair of earrings are affixed; faked rents in the trousers pulled open; and thus dressed, with gaudy, ragged shirt open at the neck, the labourer has become a Neapolitan fisherman just arrived from the harbour. The sack is then left in a café or handed to a policeman on point duty. These changes are perfect because they are not helped out by false hair of any kind. They will even stand a close scrutiny, although, if the shadowed criminal does not enter a wine shop, this is never to be feared. The photographs on the opposite page show two of the most famous Marseilles detectives: M. Le Bozec (No. 5), a Breton—who is usually given the task of tracking murderers or burglars, and does it alone; and M. Baux (No. 6), who specialises in pickpockets and confidence tricksters. Each of the disguises has been selected because it was successfully adopted in notorious cases.

No. 5 is M. Le Bozec as he is known to his chief. No. 3 was used recently to hunt down a dangerous murderer. Perhaps I may recall the main facts of the case. A comfortable villa—the "Pergola Fleuri"—standing on the beautiful Corniche road facing the Mediterranean, was inhabited by husband and wife and one servant. One night there came a sharp ring at the bell, and the servant went to open the gate. A moment later two shots cracked, followed by a woman's shrill screams of pain. Without hesitation the proprietor of the villa ran down the garden path towards the sounds. Two men abruptly appeared armed with pistols and ordered him to put up his hands. With a shiver of dread he saw that the unfortunate servant sprawled near the gate shot through the head. Foolishly enough the man tried to seize one of the intruders. Again the pistols spat red flames, and the unhappy owner of the "Pergola Fleuri" collapsed without a moan. Meanwhile his wife had opened one of the windows and called wildly for help. Alarmed at her cries, the murderers fled without obtaining the money for which they had come. The task of the police was extremely difficult, for the only persons who had seen the criminals were dead. Yet a week later one of the men was arrested. He naturally put all the blame on his companion. He protested that they had only met on the evening the crime was committed, and that he knew nothing about the man beyond the fact that he was named Pierre—who he really was he had



A CRIMINAL'S CLEVER DISGUISE: (LEFT) AS HE WAS WHEN ARRESTED FOR THE FIRST TIME; (RIGHT) HIS APPEARANCE COMPLETELY ALTERED BY THE NATURAL GROWTH OF HAIR AND BEARD.

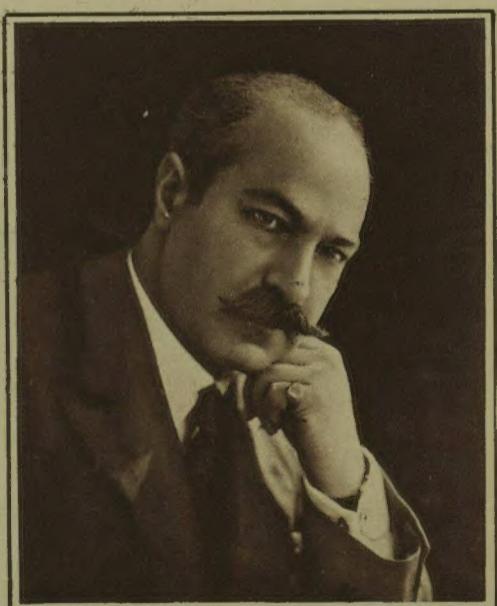
and this is not easily accomplished. Make-up for the stage, where a reasonable distance separates the spectators from the actor, and where the light is soft and constant, is a totally different matter from make-up that will bear a close scrutiny. The art of disguise for the street is, in truth, an "art" which requires much practice, a profound knowledge of the criminal mind, and exceptional adaptability.

The first rule to be observed (which a novice usually fails to observe) is that a good disguise should always harmonise with the surroundings in which the detective is compelled to work and must not attract any attention. In other words, it should be natural and inconspicuous. Criminals have an extraordinarily quick eye, and the tiniest detail that does not fit in will put them on their guard. This means that a detective who intends to play the part of a sailor, dock-labourer, or chauffeur, must know everything about the trade he has assumed for the time being. Every criminal specialist inevitably acquires certain stigmata, just as every trade produces idiosyncrasies which the trained observer at once perceives. It is foolish to imagine that by merely donning seaman's clothes a man will look like a sailor. A life spent at sea creates an atmosphere of its own. We all know that the sailor does not walk like a landsman; furthermore, a sailor does not smoke as others do; he does not drink what others drink; his hands bear the marks of his profession; his speech has an unmistakable quality of its own; even the expression of his eyes, from constant gazing at distant horizons, is characteristic of his trade. He prefers certain haunts and his mannerisms are quite distinctive.

I well remember the case of a detective who was seeking a sailor wanted for murder. He bought some clothes which smacked of the sea at a second-hand shop, but his ignorance of the essential details which distinguish the deck-hand from the man who works in the engine room, his want of knowledge even of technical terms, caused his true calling to be suspected at once. He only escaped a sound drubbing from several indignant sailors by making himself scarce, and, what was worse, lost his man. This applies to most specific disguises. Imagine a detective trying to be a "coster" and not knowing where the fraternity buy their goods nor the current prices; or a pseudo-carpenter carrying a mechanic's hammer! Such trifles are only obvious when pointed out, but the specialist notices them at once. It has become the rule among the men of the Sûreté to learn thoroughly all there is to be known about the part they intend to play. They "cram" as for an examination. One rule always to be observed is—never wear new clothes! Overalls, cap, boots, all must have been worn and well worn. Usually



THE WRITER OF THESE ARTICLES IN A HIGHLY EFFECTIVE DISGUISE WHILE BUSY ON A CASE: MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE MADE UP AS A CLERIC.



THE AUTHOR OF THIS SERIES OF ARTICLES AS HE ACTUALLY APPEARS IN REAL LIFE: MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE, OF THE MARSEILLES POLICE, IN PROPRIA PERSONA.

never learned. They had truly planned the burglary, but murder had not been included. The report of the laboratory expert, Dr. Béroud, proved that all the fatal bullets came from one pistol, and this weapon was not the one found on the accused. Unfortunately this helped him but little, for his pistol had also been fired recently, and two bullets from it were discovered in a tree.

Now came the strange sequel, which most readers will remember. The uncle and the nephew of the notorious Corsican bandit, Romanetti, were murdered in atrocious circumstances in their little island home

[Continued on page 778]

SCIENTIFIC CRIME - DETECTION: DISGUISES USED IN NOTORIOUS CASES.



1. A FAMOUS MARSEILLES DETECTIVE DRESSED FOR DUTY AT THE HARBOUR: INSPECTOR LE BOZEC DISGUISED AS A STEVEDORE AND DOCK LABOURER.



2. AS A BOOKSELLER'S "TOUT," WITH BOOKS DROPPED AS A SIGNAL FOR POLICE ACTION: M. LE BOZEC IN A DISGUISE THAT LED TO THE CAPTURE OF TEXTILE-THIEVES.



3. IMPERSONATING A MURDERER'S ACCOMPLICE, WHO CARRIED GLOVES IN HIS LEFT HAND: M. LE BOZEC'S DISGUISE IN THE "PERGOLA FLEURI" CASE.



4. "EVEN BEFORE THE COLD, PITILESS EYE OF THE CAMERA THE MAKE-UP IS PERFECT": INSPECTOR BAUX DISGUISED AS A HARBOUR-SIDE LOAFER.



5. INSPECTOR LE BOZEC "AS HE IS KNOWN TO HIS CHIEF": THE DETECTIVE IN REAL LIFE.



6. INSPECTOR BAUX OFF DUTY: A FAMOUS MARSEILLES DETECTIVE "AS HIMSELF."



7. "A CONVENIENT TRADE FOR LOOKING THROUGH WINDOWS": M. BAUX IN THE DISGUISE (A HOUSE-PAINTER) IN WHICH HE CAUGHT A BLACKMAILER.

Two of the most famous detectives of the Marseilles Police—Inspector Le Bozec and Inspector Baux—are shown above both in their own persons and wearing various disguises which aided them in the capture of dangerous criminals. The photographs are numbered to correspond with references in Mr. Ashton-Wolfe's article on the opposite page, where details are given of the remarkable cases—a burglary and a multiple murder respectively—in which M. Le Bozec adopted with such success the disguises seen in illustrations 2 and 3. The impersonation of the captured accomplice of the murderer called Pierre, of whom nothing was known

but his name, was a stroke of genius. Equally effective was the disguise (as a disabled ex-soldier employed as an outside salesman by a bookseller) which enabled the detective to capture burglars who had stolen a million francs' worth of textile materials. Regarding the clever disguises of M. Baux, it is pointed out that no detail is neglected, and the make-up is perfect even before the camera. "It is amazing how a face can be altered (we read) by such trifles as pads in nose and cheeks, a three-days' stubble of beard, spectacles, or a scar. But all these trifles must fit the part." Before adopting any disguise a detective studies the rôle.



THE HALL OF KNIGHTS IN THE EXTENDED HERMITAGE MUSEUM AT LENINGRAD: THE THRONE ROOM OF THE WINTER PALACE AS AN ARMOURY OF MEDIEVAL CHIVALRY.



A MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT ARMOUR AND WEAPONS IN THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM AS NOW REORGANISED BY THE SOVIET: THE FORMER ARMOURY OF THE WINTER PALACE.

1
In our last issue we illustrated some of the numerous art treasures from Russia which are to be sold by auction in Berlin on November 6 and 7, on behalf of the Soviet Trade Delegation. The sale comprises 447 objects of art from the museums and palaces at Leningrad, including the Hermitage Art Gallery, the Michailoff Palace, the Gatchina, and others. The announcement of this dispersal at first gave rise to the suggestion that the present Russian Government was denuding its museums in order to raise money for political purposes. The actual state of affairs, however, appears to be somewhat different (as we pointed out under the illustrations given in our last

Continued in Box 2.



PRIVATE ROOMS OF THE LATE TSAR IN THE WINTER PALACE AT LENINGRAD USED AS A PUBLIC GALLERY: A PERMANENT EXHIBITION OF MEDIEVAL MAJOLICA.

RUSSIA'S "LOUVRE" LATELY THE HERMITAGE ENRICHED



THE ALEXANDER HALL IN THE NEW HERMITAGE GALLERIES: A MUSEUM OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY FROM PETER THE GREAT'S TIME TO 1917, WITH UNIFORMS, ARMS, STANDARDS, AND TROPHIES RANGING OVER 2000 YEARS.

2
week's issue), if we are to accept statements made in the introduction to the Auction Catalogue. According to this authority, the public art collections in Russia have been so much enriched by the confiscation of private collections that it has been found possible to dispose of many valuable works of art without seriously depleting the museums and galleries. "The old treasures in the Hermitage," it is stated, "have been so multiplied that they cannot all be exhibited at once, in spite of the fact that the Winter Palace in

Continued in Box 3.



THE ROOM WHERE THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS I. INTERROGATED THE DEKABRISTS, LEADERS OF A MILITARY REVOLT IN DECEMBER 1825: NOW A MUSEUM OF RARE CHINA AND PORCELAIN.

DIVESTED OF "SUPERFLUITIES": BY SOVIET CONFISCATIONS.



NOW A MUSEUM OF ANCIENT ARMS FROM MACEDONIA (UNDER ALEXANDER), PERSIA, INDIA, CARTHAGE, AND ROME: THE ARMORIAL HALL OF THE WINTER PALACE, FORMERLY USED FOR PROVINCIAL BANNERS AND WEAPONS AND GIFTS TO THE TSAR.

3
Leningrad has been taken over for the purpose." The things to be sold, in fact, are superfluities, as far as the Russian public collections are concerned, and it is stated that the proceeds of the sale will be devoted to the maintenance and extension of the galleries, which, like all institutions of their kind, are constantly in need of funds. A note supplied with the photographs here reproduced is headed: "Leningrad: the new Hermitage (Museum) in the Winter Palace," and goes on to say: "During the ten years since the

Continued in Box 4.



INCLUDING A STATUE OF VOLTAIRE (RELOCATED BY NICHOLAS I. TO A CELLAR, AS AN IMAGE OF AN IMPOSSIBLE HERETIC) RESTORED TO ITS PLACE: A GALLERY OF SCULPTURE BY CANOVA AND HOUDON.



THE LOWER HALL OF GEMS AND CAMEOS FROM ANCIENT GREECE, DECORATED IN CLASSICAL STYLE: A PART OF THE HERMITAGE COLLECTIONS FULL OF RARE ART TREASURES OF THE FOURTH AND FIFTH CENTURIES B.C.



A CHURCH CONVERTED INTO A MUSEUM: THE SILVER SHRINE THAT HELD THE REMAINS OF ALEXANDER NEVSKI (A TWELFTH-CENTURY RUSSIAN PRINCE), TO-DAY A TREASURE OF THE HERMITAGE.

4
Revolution there has entered the Hermitage a great quantity of objects of art which belonged to the late Tsar's family and to other persons. The revolution swept away the owners, but preserved their possessions. The Hermitage could not hold all the treasures which it received, and it has been extended into the Winter Palace, the former residence of the Emperors. The halls of the Palace were then given new names. The museum is now visited by thousands of people from all parts of Russia. This enlarged Hermitage at the former home of the Tsar is a great factor in the cultural revolution of the Union of Soviet Republics."



THE HALL OF GREEK SCULPTURE OF THE FOURTH AND FIFTH CENTURIES B.C.: THE GOLDEN AGE OF ANCIENT GREECE AS REPRESENTED IN THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM AT LENINGRAD EXTENDED INTO THE WINTER PALACE.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HEART VERSUS HEAD.

M. LEON POIRIER, though he has other fine productions to his credit, has sprung into fame so far as the larger film-going public is concerned—I am speaking of those who take an intelligent interest in kinema matters—with his masterly "Verdun," now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion. M. Poirier was present at the opening night, and must have been gratified at the enthusiastic reception accorded to his picture. After the great shadow-guns on the screen had seemingly boomed their last round, after all the tragic welter of battle had merged into a promise of peace, M. Poirier was eagerly sought and his opinions on film matters respectfully listened to. "A Frenchman," he is reported to have said, "produces films with his heart; an Englishman with his head."

The great French producer should know what he is talking about; nor do I doubt that any amount of heart went to the making of "Verdun." It has been stated that this French war-film is an answer to the American "Big Parade"; and the fact that "Verdun" contains no romance to mitigate its horrors or blunt the edges of its tragedy has been held up in favourable comparison with the fervent fiction of the Hollywood production. But this is fair neither to the one nor to the other. "The Big Parade" did not pretend to be war history. It was a war romance pure and simple, with the war as a background. It caused, one remembers, a good deal of comment because it was so completely, so triumphantly, American that no other nation seemed to have had anything to do with the war. But, considering that it dealt with a young American's love-story at the front, and made, I repeat, no serious claim to historical accuracy, the discussion it caused was a storm in a teacup.

"Verdun," if it must be compared, falls into the same category as our own excellent war-chronicles—"Mons," "The Somme," "The Ypres Salient." It is a careful reconstruction of a certain phase of the war. It depicts the shifting fortunes of battle round the fortresses of heroic Verdun, the tremendous onslaught of the Germans on this "hinged door to France," which they were determined to push open, and the inspired defence of the French, often reduced to mere handfuls of men, blindly clinging on to a bit of trench, a scrap of masonry, one resolution ever present in their minds: "They shall not pass." In order that we may fully understand the ebb and flow of this historical campaign, an occasional map of Verdun and its outlying defences is interpolated. In a word, here is history, terrible, charged with passion, yet unquestionably true to fact.

And yet, recalling for a moment the English war-films, equally sincere, even equally tragic in a way, and technically fine, there is a difference. Is it the quality of "heart" to which M. Poirier refers? Was it his heart which dictated the introduction of certain figures whose individual struggles, both mental and physical, supply the human note in the dreadful mass activity of war machinery? These figures bear no names. They stand for whole categories of men and women, and rise above the pettiness of personalities. But their presence undoubtedly adds to the poignancy of tragic events.

On the other hand, M. Poirier must allow me to say that his head has kept a firm control over his heart. He has said that, in order to make this film, they—he and his vast company—merely had to go to the scene of fighting and fight all over again. Certainly, the shell-wrecked earth, the ruined trenches, and stricken fields bear witness to the fact that a small corner of France must have undergone a second "Verdun" for the purposes of this film. But a very clear and clever "head" it was that selected those heart-rending vistas of devastation, those bare, accusing branches silhouetted against a hopeless dawn,

that stoic endurance that seems almost beyond human power, viewed in the light of saner moments. Nor has M. Poirier's heart led him into the sentimentalising that is the greatest fault of American film-makers, and of which our own producers are by no means innocent. His heroes are not engaging, nor are they emotional. They are men doing their best under incredible, unforgivable conditions, and the few

moments of sentiment M. Poirier permits himself are held well in hand.

"THE ATONEMENT OF GÖSTA BERLING."

In these days of technical trickery, blurred effects, super-impositions and all the rest of the modern producer's magic, it does one good to get back, now and again, to the strong and simple statements of

some of the earlier screen achievements. One is apt to forget in the pleasure of pastel greys and whites, in the sheer cleverness of photographic "stunts," the strength, the drama, the grip of a fine film such as "The Atonement of Gösta Berling." Moreover, the rivalry, not to say the imitativeness, amongst producers tends towards an exaggeration of certain effects, a piling of Pelion on Ossa until all balance is lost sight of. The misty outlines and blurred photography that created a telling atmosphere in Murnau's "Sunrise" was followed by the suffocating foginess of "The Street Angel." The Cubist impressionism of "Wax-works" fathered a whole family of Vorticist monstrosities. And when the chance arises of seeing a film-drama that is content to be a drama, dramatically told, one is amazed to find how much has gone by the board in the desire to cap the competition. Mauritz Stiller's screen adaptation of Selma Lagerlöf's famous book is an object-lesson that should not be missed. Essentially Swedish in character, strongly handled and entirely forthright both in narrative and in the camera-work, it is nevertheless a strangely beautiful picture, and its drama is extraordinarily gripping. It possesses the primitive power of the moving-picture that the more finicky productions of to-day often manage to miss.

Selma Lagerlöf's brilliant study of a group of warm-blooded, single-minded men and women, living in a period of unrest and upheaval just after the Napoleonic wars, fills a large canvas. It takes some time before we get to know all the characters, all these varying types, each as clearly defined as the familiar figures of a Dickens novel; but each of them arrests our attention and we follow their fortunes with ever-growing interest as they are slowly drawn to the pivot of it all—the ill-fated manor house of Ekeby. Ekeby's strange, imperious mistress, confronted with an early sin in the heyday of her power, the lovely stranger from the South, eating her heart out in the home of her conceited, empty-headed husband, and yearning for the pensioner at Ekeby; Gösta Berling himself, once a brilliant young vicar, whose craving for drink has thrown him amongst the roistering crew of vagrant soldiers sheltered beneath Ekeby's hospitable roof—nothing complex about any of them. They sinned greatly and atoned greatly. They have their separate histories, yet all are gathered together in the final fate of the manor house of Ekeby.

Mauritz Stiller has manipulated these shifting elements with supreme skill, and given them a solid background of spacious interiors or the beauty of Swedish scenery. There are moments of thrilling realism, such as the great fire that razes Ekeby to the ground, and the sleigh-ride over the frozen lake with a pack of wolves in close pursuit; moments of fantastic revelry, superbly lighted; and moments of poignant tragedy. The little episode of the rebellious daughter, an elderly woman herself, seeking out her old mother whom she has slighted in her youth, is a piece of screen-acting that has never been surpassed. Nor has Lars Hanson bettered his performance of the erring clergyman in anything he has done since then at Hollywood. But it is interesting to recognise in the lovely young Countess Dohna, soft of face and wholly unmannered, the super-slender, exotic Greta Garbo of to-day. Hollywood has robbed her cheeks of their rounded contour, added a petulant droop to her pretty mouth, lifted the Oriental slant of her strangely haunting eyes, but the Greta Garbo of this memorable Swedish film has a sincerity which the gifted actress might do well to recall.



THE FIRST "ALL-TALKING" FILM: A NEW VERSION OF AN EDGAR WALLACE STAGE "THRILLER"—THE CULMINATING SCENE OF "THE TERROR" AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE. The screen version of "The Terror," adapted from Edgar Wallace's famous play of that name, is described as "the first all-talking film." Messrs. Warner Brothers arranged to present it, with the Vitaphone, at the Piccadilly Theatre on October 25, for a month's run. Our photograph shows Miss May McAvoy as the heroine in the clutches of the mysterious cowed organ-player in the subterranean chapel.



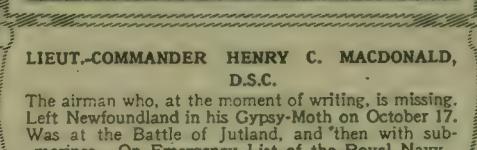
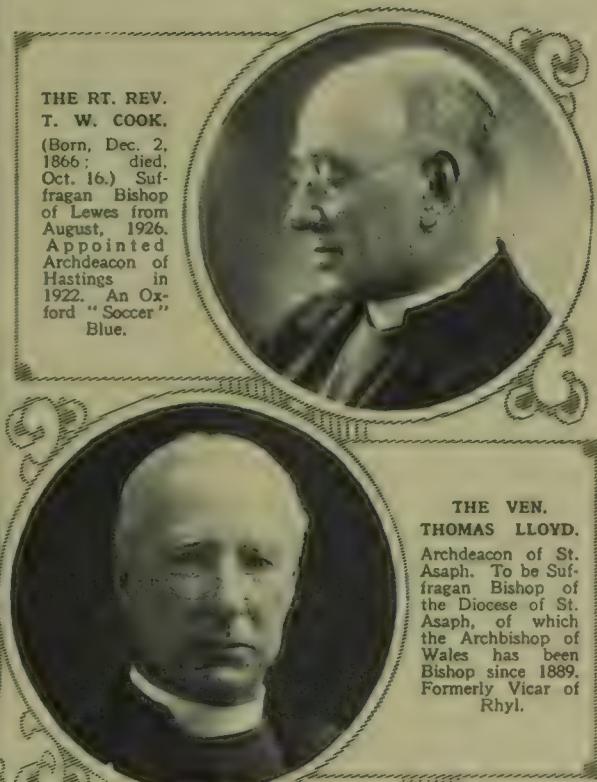
MR. IVOR NOVELLO (AS MAX CLEMENT) AND MISS LILY ELSIE (AS ROSINE BROWNE) IN "THE TRUTH GAME," AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: THE KISS ON THE DOORSTEP.

Mr. H. E. S. Davidson's comedy, "The Truth Game," concerns a rich and beautiful young widow, who is condemned by her late husband's will to lose her fortune on re-marriage, and is courted by a penniless young man. Miss Lily Elsie and Mr. Ivor Novello play the widow and lover with excellent effect

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ONE of the consolations of mass-reviewing (and, believe me, it needs some) is the seductive game of cross-references. It is quite an easy game, and there are no rules. You begin by selecting, from the mountainous mass of books before you, a score or so which are more or less associated in subject or period; and the game consists in spotting allusions to the same people, places, events, ideas, and so on, made by various authors, and in comparing one with another. It is obviously a process capable of indefinite extension. An index helps, but not all books contain this desirable adjunct, and its absence causes the player to refrain also from good words.

I have just been enjoying this innocent pastime with a group of books concerned mainly with writers and writings of the last two hundred years. I should like to set forth the results in full, but, for reasons of space, I can only indicate them here and there. Five of my group belong to the eighteenth century, and I accordingly kicked off with a book rich enough in allusion to keep the ball rolling for ever—namely, "THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN." By Laurence Sterne. With Illustrations and Decorations by John Austen, and an Introduction by J. B. Priestley (London: John Lane; New York: Dodd, Mead; 25s.). This is one of the finest reprints that ever issued from the Bodley Head, but it has other than external attractions. Much depends on the inanner of performing the necessary introductions between the old world and the new, and nothing could be happier than Mr. Priestley's prefatory remarks asking a new generation of readers to meet Mr. Tristram Shandy, Uncle Toby, Yorick, and Corporal Trim.

The illustrations are, of course, the chief *raison d'être* of this edition. The faces and figures excel in comic power, but I could wish the artist had not adopted a modernist mannerism in the shading and treatment of backgrounds, and I much prefer the end-papers, where the characters appear without this decorative nigrification. Perhaps my taste is old-fashioned, but "Tristram Shandy" seems to me a book that demands, more than most, a natural and unsophisticated style.

On the literary side, Mr. Priestley soon supplies material for our cross-reference game, citing "a parallel drawn between Sterne and—of all people—Mrs. Virginia Woolf. . . . If the modern novel can be said to have had a father (he continues) then that father is Sterne. Not only could he, like so many contemporary novelists, bring into the foreground a host of tiny and transitory thoughts and feelings, but he could create characters we can remember for fifty years, whereas Mrs. Woolf cannot create characters we can remember for a week." Beside this dictum may be set that of an earlier critic quoted in a popular edition of Mr. P. P. Howe's successful "LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT," Illustrated (Secker; 7s. 6d.). "My Uncle Toby," says Hazlitt, "is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature."

Another prolific begetter of allusions—more prolific even than the begetter of Uncle Toby—is portrayed anew in "DR. JOHNSON." By Christopher Hollis. Illustrated (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). Here, too, is material for parallels and contrasts. "In many ways (we read) there is a striking similarity between Johnson and Mr. Bernard Shaw." In describing Boswell's hero as "one of the first, if not the first, of the recorded talkers of history," the author has surely overlooked the claims of Socrates.

Mr. Hollis has felt the need of justifying an addition to an already large family of memoirs and appreciations, but his book is its own best apology. It is no mere "re-hash" of Boswell, but a penetrating and vivacious character-study on a definite line of inquiry. His aim has been to discover "the philosophy from which came the great company of repartees," and to explain the secret of the Doctor's personal magnetism. The passage where this aim is expressed rather led me to expect an epitome of the Johnsonian doctrine. Just when such a summary appears due, however, the author drifts off into the stream of his narrative. The whole book, in fact, is the answer to the questions propounded or implied.

The same thing may be said of "GILBERT WHITE": Pioneer, Poet, and Stylist. By Walter Johnson, F.G.S. Illustrated (Murray; 15s.), for here, again, the book itself constitutes the author's reply to his own question: "How does White stand with respect to modern research? . . . Seeing that White has always suffered from the disconnected character of many of his anticipations," says Mr. Johnson,

"it seemed worth while to present one's gleanings in a systematic form, so that the extent of our indebtedness to him might be the more easily shown." Accumulations of notes (the author's cover twenty-seven years) are apt to present stubborn material for shaping into sequence, and it seems to me that he has done wonders in classifying them and weaving them into a reasoned appreciation. It is the work of an enthusiast, and will doubtless appeal strongly to all devotees of natural history. It is a little surprising, perhaps, to find that subject omitted in the sub-title. Incidentally, the book provides a link between Gilbert White and Dr. Johnson, *via* their common friend, Mrs. Chapone, whom White had courted unsuccessfully.

In the chapter on Gilbert White's poems, which he admits are—save for a few lines—"mostly bald and artificial," the author discovers the influence of Cowper. This brings me to a new and admirable memoir of that most gentle poet and consummate letter-writer, undertaken because "there is no satisfactory biography in existence," and entitled "WILLIAM COWPER." By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Illustrated (Cape; 12s. 6d.). This work has all the literary virtues except an index. The singer of a sofa was not altogether an open-air man or a naturalist, but he was in some ways akin to the Curate-in-charge of Selborne. He lived a quiet country life, but he sought in nature solace from mental torment.

Cowper's nature-study took the form of keeping pets. He had "eight pairs of tame pigeons . . . a linnet, a

I did not expect to find any allusion to John Law, and his plan for exploiting the resources of Louisiana, in "THE UNRISEN DAWN": Speeches and Addresses by Anatole France. Translated, with an Introduction, by J. Lewis May (Lane; 7s. 6d.), a volume containing forty-six public utterances delivered on various occasions between 1898 and 1906. In one of these, however, there is a passage denouncing modern projects apparently bearing a strong family resemblance to John Law's *Compagnie des Indes Occidentales*. It occurs in an address on the eighth anniversary of Zola's historic letter on the Dreyfus affair—"J'accuse."

"Don't let us forget," said Anatole France, "that we have been threatened with a policy of financial and colonial adventure. . . . If the Nationalists and the Clericals managed to get their pet candidate elected President, we should be dragged into all manner of distant military expeditions, perhaps into a war in Africa . . . to swell the profits of some big banking establishment." Anatole France is perhaps too often regarded merely as a whimsical satirist, or a philosophic romancer, with a touch of pagan hedonism. Here we find him as a keen participant in political controversy and an ardent champion of the oppressed. But with it all remains what Mr. Lewis May aptly calls "the incommunicable magic of his style."

I had intended to pursue my innocent pastime of allusion-hunting among many other books, but there is only room now to indicate very briefly some points to be made. Thus, in

"A MODERN PLUTARCH." By John Cowerns (Thornton Butterworth; 15s.), there are (among others) parallel lives in little' of Anatole France and Mark Twain—ostensibly a curiously assorted couple.

One more eminent Victorian is subjected to drastic revision in "MATTHEW ARNOLD." By Hugh Kingsmill. Illustrated (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.). The author traces "the collapse of a poet into a prophet," and draws from his poems "inferences about his private life" in a rather "cheeky" style (talking familiarly of "Matt"). This book may be contrasted with a chapter on Arnold in "THE MAKING OF MODERN LITERATURE." Some Principles of Criticism in the Light of Ancient and Modern Theory. By R. A. Scott-James (Secker; 18s.).

The shade of Dr. Johnson haunts the title of "THE GLORY THAT WAS GRUB STREET." By St. John Adcock. With thirty-two Camera Studies by E. O. Hoppé (Sampson Low; 7s. 6d.), but not the contents, which consist of "Impressions of Contemporary Authors"—that is, authors of to-day, thirty-two in all, including Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton. It is a sequel to the writer's previous book, "The Gods of Modern Grub Street." A kindred work, as dealing mainly with living or recent writers, is "A LONDON BOOKMAN." By Frank Swinnerton (Secker; 7s. 6d.), consisting of London letters contributed to the *Bookman* of New York. They include two criticisms of Mrs. Virginia Woolf—interesting to compare with the above quoted preface to "Tristram Shandy"—and an obituary notice of the famous publisher whose life is recorded in "THE MEMOIRS OF J. M. DENT," 1849-1926. With some Additions by Hugh R. Dent. Illustrated (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.; 7s. 6d.).

In the last-named book (to which I intend to return) there is an amusing anecdote about Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, which leads me to mention the new and dainty little "Duchy" edition of "Q's" delightful stories. The volumes at present before me are "FORT AMITY," "I SAW THREE SHIPS," "SIR JOHN CONSTANTINE," "BROTHER COPAS," "THE LAIRD'S LUCK," and "SHINING FERRY" (J. M. Dent and Sons; 3s. 6d. each). With these alluring little books it is natural to bracket one by a brother novelist this side of Tamar—"A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH BOOK." By Eden Phillpotts. With Portrait Frontispiece (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), a volume of charming topographical essays.

One of the most beguiling of modern writers in this genre adds to his long list of similar works "A ROVER I WOULD BE." By E. V. Lucas (Methuen; 6s.). Here I ran to earth my last cross-reference. On the first page that I opened were these words: "The Cowper Museum (at Olney) might well be taken as a model, for its preservation is complete, and one is able to reconstruct the life of the poet, of Mrs. Unwin, and of Puss, Tiney, and Bess, the tame hares, with exactitude. There is even the actual sofa which led to the composition of 'The Task.' At this point the referee blows his whistle, and the game is up."

C. E. B.



"A BLOOMSBURY INTERIOR": ONE OF THE REMARKABLE PAINTINGS BY F. H. SHEPHERD NOW ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

Mr. F. H. Shepherd's exhibition of paintings and water-colours at the Beaux Arts Gallery, in Bruton Place, will remain open until November 10. It includes the fine set of oil paintings of Oxford interiors reproduced on the opposite page.—[By Courtesy of the Beaux Arts Gallery.]

magpie, a jay, a starling, and several robins, goldfinches, and canary birds." But his chief favourites were three hares named Puss, Tiney, and Bess, and he wrote a paper on their habits for the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1784. But though his life, like Gilbert White's, was circumscribed, he roamed in imagination. One can understand how he came to write "Alexander Selkirk" from the following passage: "In the evenings he read aloud, generally from books of travel. . . . I seem (he wrote) to partake with the navigators in all the dangers they encountered. I lose my anchor; my mainsail is rent into threads; I kill a shark; and by signs converse with a Patagonian; and all this without moving from my fireside."

There are sharks and sharks, and it appears that some of his contemporaries might have applied the term to that enterprising Scot whose hectic career is recorded in "JOHN LAW": A Fantastic Financier, 1671-1729. By George Oudard. Translated from the French by G. C. E. Massé. Illustrated (Cape; 10s. 6d.). After killing his man in a duel in Bloomsbury Square, John Law went abroad for his health, gambolled (and gambled) about the Continent, and ultimately opened a bank in Paris, where he rose to control the Government finances, and for three years (1717-20) ran the famous Mississippi scheme, which burst like the South Sea Bubble.

GLORIES OF OXFORD PORTRAYED BY A MODERN PAINTER: COLLEGE "INTERIORS."

FROM THE OIL PAINTINGS BY F. H. SHEPHERD. BY COURTESY OF THE BEAUX ARTS GALLERY.



"THE HALL, ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD."



"THE HALL, WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD" (LORD BIRKENHEAD'S OLD COLLEGE, WHERE HE RECENTLY WENT FOR A HOLIDAY).



"THE HALL, BRAZENOSE COLLEGE, OXFORD."



"THE HALL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD."



"THE LIBRARY, CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD."

Much has been said and written of late concerning the outward beauties of Oxford and its architecture, with a view to their preservation and the discouragement of any building or other schemes likely to mar the amenities of the University. No such dangers are likely to threaten the inner glories of Oxford's colleges, such as those seen in the above illustrations. The set of five interiors here reproduced are from oil paintings by Mr. F. H. Shepherd, which are included in his London exhibition now on view (until November 10) at the Beaux Arts Gallery, in Bruton Place, Bruton Street, Bond Street. This group of paintings forms a strong point of attraction for Oxford people, past and present. Especially interesting at the moment is the picture of Wadham College, where Lord Birkenhead was formerly an undergraduate. It was stated the other day that, after his retirement from the Cabinet and before embarking on a business career in the City, he intended to visit Wadham for a quiet holiday. In his book, "Law Life and Letters," he describes his first sight of Wadham when he went up to Oxford for a scholarship examination, and how the beauty of the buildings impressed him so much that he felt he would prefer that college to any other. Another example of Mr. Shepherd's pictures of interiors is given on the opposite page, but it should be added that his exhibition includes subjects of various other kinds—figure studies, flowers, still life, and landscapes (principally Italian), both in oils and water-colours.

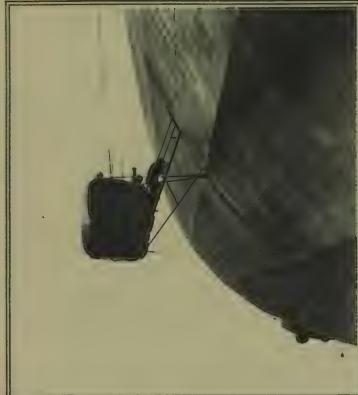
THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN'S" FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON BOARD AND AFTER ARRIVAL.



A STEAMER IN MID-ATLANTIC AS SEEN (FAR BELOW) FROM THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN": A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE AIRSHIP, SHOWING SOMEONE ON BOARD LOOKING DOWN AT THE SEA.



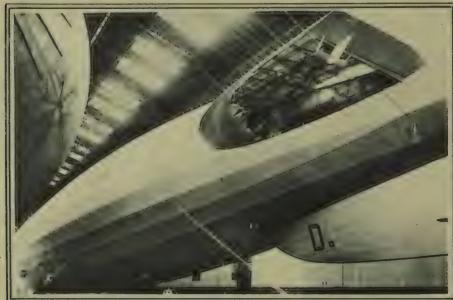
THE ONLY WOMAN ABOARD—WHOSE LAUGHTER RESTORED CONFIDENCE WHEN PASSENGERS AT BREAKFAST WERE THROWN DOWN: LADY DRUMMOND-HAY WITH COMMANDER ECKENER (LEFT) AT A WINDOW DURING THE FLIGHT.



RISKY WORK SOME 4500 FT. ABOVE THE SEA: A MECHANIC CLIMBING OUT FROM A GONDOLA OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" TO REPAIR A DAMAGED OIL-TANK DURING THE FLIGHT.



WITH ONLY A LADDER BETWEEN HIM AND THE SEA (VISIBLE IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) 4500 FT. BELOW: A FRONT VIEW OF THE SAME MECHANIC SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION.



SHOWING THE DAMAGED PORT FIN OPENED FOR REPAIR: THE STERN END OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" AFTER SHE HAD BEEN HOUSED IN THE HANGAR ON ARRIVAL AT LAKEHURST, NEW JERSEY.



SHOWING DAYLIGHT THROUGH THE HOLE WHICH WAS RIPPED IN THE PORT FIN: THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" IN FLIGHT OVER NEW YORK—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM THE WHITEHALL BUILDING.



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" SOARING ABOVE THE SKYSCRAPERS OF NEW YORK BEFORE HER ARRIVAL AT LAKEHURST: AN IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPH FROM AN AEROPLANE.

We have already illustrated, in previous numbers, the new German airship, "Graf Zeppelin" (the 127th of her line, and the largest), which recently accomplished a pioneer passenger-carrying flight across the Atlantic. We are now able to give these remarkably interesting photographs, taken during and after the flight, which lasted 112 hours, or over 4½ days. The "Graf Zeppelin" left Friedrichshafen at 6.50 a.m. (Greenwich mean time) on Thursday, October 11, and landed at Lakehurst, New Jersey, at 10.33 p.m. (G.M.T.) on the 15th. Dr. Hugo Eckener, the commander, had hoped to cross the Atlantic by way of the Azores, but, owing to reports of bad weather in the Bay of Biscay, he made a long détour southward over Marseilles, Barcelona, and Gibraltar, to Madeira, from whence he steered for Bermuda. Arriving in that region, the airship encountered a storm, and then occurred the most dramatic incident in the flight. A sudden lurch broke a small window in the lower port fin, and the wind, rushing in, ripped off a piece of fabric measuring 50 ft. by 25 ft., thus obtaining



THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" (RIGHT BACKGROUND) GROUNDED AT LAKEHURST ON ARRIVAL: A VIEW FROM THE HANGAR, IN WHICH (LEFT) IS SEEN PART OF THE "LOS ANGELES."



DINING IN THE MAIN CABIN OF THE "GRAF ZEPPELIN" DURING HER FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC: A GROUP INCLUDING (SEATED AT THE TABLE FROM RIGHT TO LEFT) COUNT ZEPPELIN BRANDENSTEIN, AND HERREN TSHIKA, ALBERT GRZESINSKI (PRUSSIAN MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR), BRANDENBURG, AND KLEFFL.

access to the interior of the airship. Dr. Eckener took immediate steps to ensure her safety, and four volunteers, headed by his son, climbed out over the girders at night, clinging to any support they could find, and set to work to repair the fabric by the dim light of electric torches while the airship pitched and swayed above them, with nothing between them and the sea 1500 ft. below. After five hours' work they succeeded in patching the hole, using any material available, including blankets and sheets from passengers' beds. Lady Drummond-Hay, the English passenger, and the only woman on board, has described what happened in the breakfast-room when a lurch came. "Suddenly the Zeppelin nose-dived, then shot up again. Tables, chairs, dishes, coffee, tea, saucers upset the movie camera being operated by Robert Hartmann. The scene was so comical that, in spite of the gravity of the situation, I burst into laughter."

THE "BANKERS" OF GLOUCESTER.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"FISHERMEN OF THE BANKS." By JAMES B. CONNOLLY.*

(PUBLISHED BY FABER AND GwyER.)

THE auxiliaries came to Gloucester, and now the all-power craft are coming. Sometimes in these days a couple of auxiliaries or steamers will hook up for a race home, but nobody gets excited over the doings of vessels which carry an engine in that space where a pot-bellied red-hot cabin stove and locker and bunk and lazaretto space would have been of old. Their crews do not even argue as to which one won after they get in. The best engine ever built is still an engine, a machine; whereas an all-sail vessel—well, there is something human about a sailing vessel."

Thus, there is lamentation in "Fishermen of the Banks." There is also lyricism. In the publishers' Preface, it is written: "The town of Gloucester, Massachusetts, lies about forty miles north-east of Boston. As,

with the mighty fish-killers and the master sail-carriers, envious of the mystery of their craft, supremely conscious that these are no "piazza sailors," that their superbly simple bravery is as much a part of them as their modesty, and that "a man's problem in writing of the deeds of fishermen is not to find remarkable things to write about: it is to make them sound credible to a reader who has never known them."

To the uninitiated, the fishing itself seems normal enough. "The bulk of the fish brought home by our bank schooners is caught by men in dories. From the dories the men set what they call a trawl, which is a stout long line hung with many hooks at close intervals from short lines. The dory is a flat-bottomed boat with flaring sides, and of about fifteen feet in length. . . . The crew stand ready to put out from the vessel to set their trawls. A dory is hoisted to the vessel's rail and lowered into the sea. . . . Riding high and rolling low it goes, the two men who are to go in her being meanwhile balanced on the vessel's rail, watching their chance to drop safely into it. . . . When the dory puts out from the vessel one man takes the job of rowing, the other of heaving the trawl, which is stowed in tubs the size of a half-barrel. When the trawl is all out, a buoy, usually a water-tight quarter-barrel, marks one end of it. The other end is anchored to the bottom. . . . The man in the bow hauls in the trawl, snapping each fish backward into the dory with a dexterous wrist and forearm movement as it comes nosing up to him. The man in the waist coils the trawl back into the tub. Should the sea be rough, the man in the waist has also the job of looking to the safety of the dory." Very workmanlike, oh, yes; and the "banker"—"It is against all bank fleet traditions to be a hero."

For all that, those who "come out o' Gloucester" are heroes all, from Cap. to cook. "Come," and not "came," is in order. "They are not being lost now as in the old days, thank the Lord, no—vessels are bigger and safer; and motor power helps out a lot; but whoever craves action can tackle the dory trawling in winter—plenty of that still left."

"Gloucester after three hundred years" is still thanking God when the fishing's good!

Mr. Connolly is the chronicler of deeds that were done before a ship's name brought the question: "What horse-power has she?"; of deeds of the age of "What length of main boom? what hoist of mainsail had she?". It is excellent that he should be so—for, alas! there is an end even to that Time "whereof," as the "long robes" have it, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." There are always too few sagas of the seas.

"My chief aim in this book," he says, "is to make a record of what these Gloucestermen actually were while my own memory of them is still fresh and while men are yet living who could testify at first hand for them. Here they are, the men and vessels, in person."

"Here they are": the "Bankers" fighting the elements and coming to port—"sharing enough after their trip to have money to give away: or they may have to borrow the price of the children's shoes"; meeting devotion and challenging death in the dory; capsized, to hang to plug strap, arm through leather loop, hoping to be picked up, or to scramble perilously on to slippery keel; swept overboard where it is useless to be able to swim, for "where would a man swim to?"; soaked in salt; frozen; "astray" from the mother ship when the vapour cloaks the wild waste and night's dark mantle blinds the eyes; afloat overloaded, and, maybe, saved from sinking by halibut. Curious, this. "A halibut trawl is the heaviest gear that fishermen handle, and halibut sometimes weigh as much as four hundred pounds. Two hundred pounds is a common weight. They run so much more to width than to depth, by the way, that fishermen will seriously tell you that it is much safer to load a dory to the gunnel with halibut than with any other fish. Why? Because, let seas be breaking over a dory loaded deep and they will keep coming over the windward gunnel, clear across the dory and past the leeward gunnel, if it is a broad-backed halibut they have to roll over; whereas, with the round-bodied cod or haddock, the seas find their way down into the bottom of the dory and so put her sooner in the way of filling and sinking."

"Here they are"—the "able, handsome ladies," the ships; the broom at the masthead, "the ancient Gloucester symbol of victory"; the Captain boasting "I drove her an' I drove her, an' I drove her, an' she suffered an' she suffered an' she suffered, an' could I make her quit?"; the crews straining at the oars; pitching the catch aboard, starving, snow-eating, and thirsting for "dory-killing" days and nights, baling and pounding at the clinging, clogging ice; true toilers of the deep, superstitious enough to insist that their ship be turned with the sun, stoical beyond belief, dory mate faithful to dory mate.

"The men . . . in person." Tommie Bohlin, who pitted his *Nannie Bohlin* against *Valkyrie III*, when she was making her way to Plymouth intent upon lifting the America Cup; and sailed the schooner *Fleur-de-Lys* (rated ninety-two tons) in rivalry with the *Valhalla* (twelve hundred tons, and eighty men before the mast), the nine-hundred-ton *Sunbeam*, the six-hundred-ton *Apache* (with

"one of those what they call boodwahs—a pink one—with a regular shore-goin' four-legged bed. And a marble bath-tub set down in it! On a sailin' vessel, mind!"), and with the *Atlantic* (one hundred and eighty-seven feet over all and carrying sixty-five or seventy men before the mast), the *Atlantic* which "broke all sailing records, including the old clipper records for the passage across." Bohlin who answered: "How about these icebergs ahead of us?" with: ". . . Icebergs are all right when you get acquainted with 'em. You get to loo'ard of an iceberg and you get—sniff, sniff from Bohlin—a fresh-water smell off 'em like that. If it's dark and you can't smell 'em you watch the water. If the sea's been bubbly and all at once it begins to smoothen out you want to look out then—you're gettin' to loo'ard of one or two of 'em then."

Alfred Johnson, who sailed a sixteen-foot-over-all dory, with the forward half decked over, from Gloucester, and, all alone, made England after ninety-six days; and, of course, the amazing Howard Blackburn, who picked up the glove thrown down by Adventure long after he had been crippled by frost-bite, by sailing the thirty-foot sloop of his own building from Gloucester, New England, to Gloucester, Old England, in sixty-eight days. And Johnson and Blackburn are now in harbour; Johnson the keenest of bridge-players in the Master Mariners' rooms; Blackburn at his little business in Main Street—"a place where thirsty men, fresh in from sea, could count on a glass of good beer or a taste of honest liquor . . . since the change in our sumptuary laws his place is not the lively one of other days." The Blackburn, this, of the dory that went "astray" in the snow, with him and with Tom Welch; the dory that was lost for icy days of despair and determination during which Welch died and Blackburn was nigh to death in the agony that cost him foot and fingers and toes. "My fingers were getting whiter—and stiffer. Too late now to stop 'em from freezin', I thinks. I knew that if my fingers froze straight and stiff I couldn't keep on rowing after they froze. So I made up my mind—there was nothing else to do—that if my fingers was bound to freeze that they'd freeze in such shape that they'd be of some use afterwards. So I curled 'em around the handles of the oars while they wasn't yet too stiff, and I sat there without moving till they froze that way, around the handles of the oars. There, now, I thinks, I'll be ready to do a dory mate's full share."



"BANKERS" AT WORK: DORY MATES USING THEIR TRAWL.

Reproduced from "Fishermen of the Banks," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Gwyer.

There is the very fisherman of the Banks. He is a living epic. Mr. Connolly, already famous for his fact-fiction stories of him, now confines himself to facts. He could have done no better thing. "These great sailing captains are passing." It is meet that they should survive so splendidly in print.

E. H. G.

WHEN HOWARD BLACKBURN DELIBERATELY LET HIS FINGERS FREEZE ROUND THE OARS, THAT HE MIGHT BE READY TO DO A DORY MATE'S FULL SHARE: BLACKBURN AND THE DEAD TOM WELCH "ASTRAY."

Reproduced from "Fishermen of the Banks," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Gwyer.

in the old days, New Bedford to the south of Cape Cod was the centre of the whaling industry, and Salem, between Boston and Gloucester, was the centre for the fast clipper ships which traded with China, so Gloucester has always been the port for the deep-sea fishing of the North Atlantic. . . . In the summer, the Gloucester fishing schooner, laden with its seines and dories, can reach the south Banks or 'Georges'; in the winter the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, where the codfish abound; it may even buy and sell in the harbour of Reykjavik, Iceland. All the year round, and on every day of the week except Friday and Sunday, which are unlucky, schooners are setting out for their cruises of several weeks. There is no harder life, no more uncertain livelihood, and few more dangerous occupations. . . . Gloucester has many widows, and no trip is without anxiety for those at home." That is the bare truth. It is right, but, as it is in the story, it is only just right!

Telling of Blackstone, Lord Avonmore declared: "He it was that first gave to the law the air of a science. He found it a skeleton, and clothed it with life, colour, and complexion." Mr. Connolly is the Commentator of the skippers—the Captains Courageous—and the dory mates. He takes the facts and draws on their woollen suits, their double oilskins, their long boots, their mittens, and their heavy socks; breathes their labour and their stern endurance into them; hands them their three meals and their "mug-ups" of "tea or coffee with a hunk of bread and cold meat, and perhaps a wedge or two of pie whenever a man feels like it."

Then he goes a-sailing with them; defying the fog and the mist, the snow and the gale and the writhing waters, racing for the pure, primitive joy of it, chumming

"Fishermen of the Banks." By James B. Connolly. Illustrated by Henry O'Connor. (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d. net.)

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A CRANE ELECTRIFIED BY A B.B.C. AERIAL: THE STRUCTURE AT THE CORNER OF PORTMAN SQUARE. A crane being worked at the corner of Portman Square and Orchard Street, W., was accidentally electrified the other day by the B.B.C. aerial seen behind it and to its right in the photograph. Shocks of considerable strength were given.



OF FRESH INTEREST IN VIEW OF LONDON'S "LITTLE TORNADO": A TORNADO WITH A LOOP IN MINNESOTA. A part of the West End of London was visited by a powerful little whirlwind on the evening of October 22, and a good deal of damage was done. Here, in miniature, we reproduce an illustration of a tornado from our issue of August 18.



TRAfalgar Day: FLOWERS FROM NEW ZEALAND IN A BLOCK OF ICE, AT THE NELSON COLUMN. The anniversary of the Battle of Trafalgar was duly celebrated on October 21, and the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar Square, was decorated. Amongst the tributes were two wreaths sent in blocks of ice from Navy League branches in New Zealand.



THE TORNADO IN LONDON: SHATTERED WINDOWS IN OXFORD STREET—A RESULT OF THE WHIRLWIND OF THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 22, WHICH THE AIR MINISTRY SAYS WAS CAUSED BY A "VERY SMALL BUT RATHER VIOLENT" DEPRESSION! A tornado visited the West End of London on the evening of October 22. It had blown itself out in some thirty seconds, but it did considerable damage. The Air Ministry described it as resulting from a "very small but rather violent" depression. Pedestrians, motor-cars, and



LONDON'S THIRTY-SECONDS' TORNADO: DÉBRIS FROM THE EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE PREMISES AT THE CORNER OF POLAND STREET AND GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, PART OF WHOSE ROOF WAS LIFTED OFF BY THE WHIRLWIND.

taxis were blown about; windows were smashed; and part of the roof of the Ministry of Labour Employment Exchange at the corner of Poland Street and Great Marlborough Street was lifted off and tossed down to the ground.



THE COLLAPSE OF A SEVEN-STOREY BLOCK OF FLATS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT VINCENNES: THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER, IN WHICH 19 LIVES WERE LOST. A seven-storey block of flats in course of erection at 146, Rue de la Jarre, Vincennes, collapsed at 4.15 p.m. on October 18, as the workmen were about to stop for the day. Firemen, and soldiers of the 6th Dragoon Regiment, came to the rescue immediately; but, according to the latest reports, nineteen lives were lost. Indeed, it is said that the only survivor is a dog, which was buried for over twenty-four hours, but was unhurt.



RETURNING TO THE "VICTORY" THE "KNEE" AGAINST WHICH NELSON DIED: CARRYING THE FAMOUS PIECE OF TIMBER ABOARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

The "knee" against which Nelson reclined when he died was restored to the "Victory" on October 22. It was taken from the famous ship after she was damaged in collision in 1903, and was sent to King Edward, who eventually gave it to the British Sailors' Society, who have returned it that it may be restored to the cockpit. A "knee" is a piece of timber used to strengthen the sides and support the decks of old line-of-battle ships.

THE HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

IN a few days the people of the United States will elect the President and Vice-President of their Confederation. The Presidential election in America is, by reason of the number of voters concerned and the far-reaching eddies of collective psychology which it provokes, the grandest manifestation of the Sovereign People. Four months of frenzied propaganda are necessary to mobilise fifty million electors, men and women, black and white, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, American-born and foreign-born, so that they may invest the head of the Republic with legitimate authority. For four months, dialectical, rhetorical, and mechanical forces plot together to multiply means by which to convince, enlighten, seduce, excite, and deceive the simple mind of the crowd.

During the nineteenth century, when monarchs still governed nearly the whole of Europe, the United States were already a source of great interest, but as a field of experiments. It was there that Western civilisation made a certain number of audacious trials, which it was necessary to study sympathetically, but without allowing oneself to be dazzled by successes which were probably precarious. Since the famous elections of 1916, which decided the intervention of the United States in the World War, by sending Mr. Wilson to the White House for the second time, the character of European interest has changed. The United States have become what Russia was during the nineteenth century—an immense State, different from European States, so that Europe cannot have any direct action upon it. Nor can the United States have any direct action upon Europe; but the balance and order of the Old World can no longer be maintained without America. Europe is now linked to the United States by vital interests, and, consequently, is bound by the vicissitudes of her institutions. It is important, therefore, that Europe should know exactly the powers that belong to the chief of the American people.

In Europe people are always ready to say that the President of the United States is a kind of Republican autocrat during the four years for which he is elected. They imagine his power to be as extended as that of the Kaiser before the catastrophe in 1918. That is an opinion which has become popular in Europe. It is often found in the criticism regarding certain republics and even certain constitutional monarchies in Europe. But that opinion can only be admitted with a certain amount of reserve and precaution. It is not the duty of the President of the United States to observe constitutional neutrality, as is the case with the President of the French Republic and the King of England. From that point of view it is not wrong to compare him with the ex-German Emperor. As they were in Imperial Germany, the Ministers in America are nominated by the Head of the State, and are responsible only to him. He must take up his own position with regard to a great many public affairs, express his opinion and take the responsibility—in fact, personally govern in the full light of day. His powers remind one a little of those of a Prime Minister of our Parliamentary States; but he is a Prime Minister elected by the people for four years, and for four years he cannot be removed.

The American President, however, is the chief of a democratic Republic, and not a temporary King or Emperor. His powers are so precisely limited by law, and in fact, that any comparison with no matter what monarchical régime, either of Europe or elsewhere, is entirely fallacious. Above all, the powers are limited by the letter and spirit of the Constitution, which in its simplicity is a law of steel, superior to all powers, executive and legislative alike. We know that there exists in America a High Court which has the power to annul even the laws made by the Parliament if they are found to conflict with the Articles of the

Constitution. This fact has been proved more than once. Besides this, the President must reckon with the Federal Parliament. He can nominate Ministers just as the German Emperor did; but, unlike the Emperor, he cannot declare war. If he wishes to declare war, he must obtain the consent of Congress, the Senate, and the Chamber of Representatives. Like the sovereigns of Europe, he has power to make treaties, but those treaties are only valid

agree together, the machine works smoothly and all is well. But if they disagree, which happens very often, each power shuts itself up in itself, having no means of forcing the other to change its attitude. Government is then paralysed by a conflict whose feasible solution consists in the legal end of one of the conflicting powers. What did President Wilson do when he realised that the hostility of the Senate to the Treaty of Versailles was insurmountable? He set out on a great propaganda campaign in favour of the Treaty. He appealed to the Sovereign People of whom he was the mandatory. He could do nothing else. But his strength failed him at the beginning of the journey.

Another mistake which people very often make in Europe is to imagine the President of the United States as more or less a replica of the President of the French Republic; that is to say, as the chief of a single and centralised State. North America is not a State, but a Confederation of about fifty States. Each of these States has its president, who is called Governor, its Parliament, its High Court, its civil and penal laws, its budget, and sovereign rights, of which it is very jealous. Its sovereign rights are so complete that one of the States of the Confederation was able to vote for a law according to which "it is illegal for any professor in a public school to teach any theory which contradicts the story of the Divine creation of Man contained in the Bible."

Very often Europe makes mistakes in her judgment of American affairs, because she does not take account of this multiplicity of Federal and Confederate Governments. No doubt in America also the struggle between the centralised forces and the federal principle is very acute. But the federal principle is very strong, much stronger than it is in Switzerland or Germany—a fact caused by the great size of the country. It is much more difficult to subject 120 million men living on an area of ten million square miles to a centralised Government, than six or even sixty millions of men who are crowded into a much more restricted area. So, however extended the powers of the President of the Confederation may be, they are limited to Federal affairs. These only represent, so to speak, the accomplished acts of national activity. Their base is in particular States; and these escape the authority of the President, whom the American people will elect in a few days' time.

America is a democracy. She has the inconveniences and the advantages, the weakness and the greatness, of democracy. Among the advantages and greatnesses we must count the free organisation of a great number of social forces which are proposed to defend certain interests and to uphold certain principles, and act at the same time on the country and the Government. Without knowing these organisations and their action, it is impossible to understand the political life of the United States, and what their President is like and what he does. One of his most delicate tasks is just that of satisfying the demands of those great organisations as far as possible, by putting them in agreement with the general interest.

These organisations represent all the active forces of modern civilisation. There is, first of all, what we call the power of money: the great economic interests. In the United States, as in Europe, they are fond of saying that democratic institutions have ended in Government by Plutocracy. That is an exaggeration. In the United States, as in all free countries, the social forces which take advantage of their liberty to act upon the Government are numerous. That is the supreme benefit of liberal régimes. Industry, agriculture, and banking have not failed to assure themselves also in America of great political influence by all kinds of means, direct and indirect. They exercise it almost universally in the close field of their

own interests; but in that field they are very powerful. It is not sufficient for a President to be merely energetic in order to keep pace with them; he must be vigorously supported by other forces or currents of opinion. He has been seen struggling with the Trusts.

But the great economic interests are only the best-known members of a large family. By the side of the economic interests there are the great universities. They are autonomous institutions living on their own resources, and are forming gradually a strongly organised spiritual

(Continued on page 784.)



THE REPUBLICAN PARTY'S CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: MR. HERBERT HOOVER, WITH HIS WIFE, AT THEIR HOME IN WASHINGTON.

Mr. Herbert Hoover has been U.S. Secretary of Commerce since 1921. He was formerly a mining engineer. During the war he made a great reputation as Chairman of the American Relief Committee in London, then as Food Administrator for the United States, and, after the Armistice, as organiser of relief in Europe. He was born in 1874, and in 1899 married Miss Lou Henry.

are about to elect. if they obtain the consent of two-thirds of the Senate, It was the adverse vote of the Senate which prevented the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, which was signed by President Wilson.

As far as the laws are concerned, his position does not seem to be different from that of all the Presidents of Councils in European Republics and Monarchies. Legislative power belongs in America, as almost everywhere else, to the Parliament; the President confines himself to making his Ministers propose the laws which he considers necessary to him. From this point of view, also, he might be defined as a privileged President of Council, for he is sure to remain in power for four years. This privilege, however, has its counterpart: the American President possesses none of the means which are at the disposal of the President of the Council of Parliamentary régimes in Europe to act upon and influence Parliament. In America the President is on one side and the Parliament on the other; they are independent powers. Each has its sphere of action, its rights, of which it is very jealous, and its will, which it does not wish to subordinate to the will of the other. If the President and the Parliament



THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY'S CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES: GOVERNOR "AL" SMITH, OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Alfred Emanuel Smith, the popular Governor of New York State, is said to be the first Roman Catholic ever nominated as candidate for the U.S. Presidency, and is an anti-Prohibitionist. In his youth he was a newsboy in New York. He is now fifty-five.

own interests; but in that field they are very powerful. It is not sufficient for a President to be merely energetic in order to keep pace with them; he must be vigorously supported by other forces or currents of opinion. He has been seen struggling with the Trusts.

But the great economic interests are only the best-known members of a large family. By the side of the economic interests there are the great universities. They are autonomous institutions living on their own resources, and are forming gradually a strongly organised spiritual

PRIZES FROM THE SIX SALE: A HISTORIC COLLECTION DISPERSED.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE. BY COURTESY OF THE AUCTIONEERS, MESSRS. FREDERIK MULLER & CIE., DOELENSTRAAT, 16 TO 18, AMSTERDAM.



SOLD FOR 78,000 FLORINS: "A COUNTRY IDYLL,"
BY PAUL POTTER, SIGNED AND DATED 1647.
(SIZE, 42.5 BY 37.5 CM.)



SOLD FOR 190,000 FLORINS: "THE OYSTER
EATER," BY JAN STEEN, BEARING THE
ARTIST'S MONOGRAM. (SIZE, 20.5 BY 14.5 CM.)



BOUGHT BY SIR HENRY DETERDING FOR
290,000 FLORINS (NEARLY £25,000): "THE
LETTER," BY TER BORCH. (SIZE, 38 BY 29 CM.)



SOLD FOR £30,000 TO AN AMERICAN PURCHASER: "THE HAMLET IN THE WOOD,"
BY MEINDERT HOBBERMA, SIGNED BY THE ARTIST. (SIZE, 96 BY 131 CM.)

The Six Collection, so named from its originator, the Burgomaster Six, who was the friend and patron of Rembrandt, had ever since their time been one of the sights of Amsterdam, and was among the oldest private art-collections in Europe. It formed a direct link with Rembrandt himself, since the nucleus consisted of pictures that he painted for the Six family. The recent sale of the greater part of the collection, which aroused world-wide interest, was due to the death last year of Professor Jan Six, the last representative of the family. He had arranged that the family Rembrandts should remain permanently in Holland, with the patriotic help of Sir Henry Deterding, who bought one of the pictures, Vermeer's "Little Street," at auction, and presented it to the nation, while the purchase money enabled Professor Six to keep the family portraits. Consequently, they will be preserved in the Six family house at Amsterdam. Most of the principal pictures in the rest of the collection were sold on October 16, when buyers assembled from all parts of the world, and the sums realised far exceeded expectation. The chief surprises were the 290,000 florins paid by Sir Henry Deterding for "The Letter," by Gerard Ter Borch, and the £30,000 for a Hobbema.



SOLD FOR 108,000 FLORINS: "OLD DELFT," BY JAN VAN DER HEYDE,
SIGNED BY THE ARTIST. (SIZE, 55 BY 71 CM.)



BOUGHT BY THE REMBRANDT ASSOCIATION FOR 140,000 FLORINS:
"A DUTCH INTERIOR," BY PIETER DE HOOCH, SIGNED AND DATED
1663. (SIZE, 73 BY 77 CM.)

BILLIARD TABLES FOR "JACK AFLOAT": AMENITIES OF THE MODERN NAVY.



READY TO GO ASHORE: BLUEJACKETS IN H.M.S. "NELSON" SMARTENING-UP BEFORE ONE OF THE LARGE MIRRORS PROVIDED ON EACH MESS DECK OF THE BATTLE-SHIP.



A VISIT TO THE SHIP'S BARBER: THE HAIRDRESSING SALOON IN H.M.S. "NELSON"—A MEMBER OF THE CREW, OFF DUTY DURING BATTLE PRACTICE, HAVING HIS HAIR CUT.



A GAME OF BILLIARDS ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET: THE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' BILLIARD ROOM ON THE MESS DECK OF H.M.S. "NELSON"—A NOTABLE EXAMPLE OF THE FACILITIES FOR RECREATION PROVIDED IN MODERN WAR-SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

Conditions in the Navy are very much more comfortable and agreeable nowadays than they used to be in former times, when the seaman's life was one of hardship, with cramped quarters, poor food, and very little opportunity for recreation afloat. What a transformation has been effected in our modern war-ships is well seen in the photographs given above, and on page 767, illustrating life aboard H.M.S. "Nelson," one of the two newest and largest British battle-ships (the other being the "Rodney"), and at present the flag-ship of the Atlantic Fleet, which has recently been exercising in Scottish waters. In that capacity

the "Nelson" carries a crew of 1452 officers and men, and every provision has been made for their welfare. The amenities of the ship include reading rooms and a bookstall, periodical cinema shows, regular games, billiard tables, and a barber's shop. Our photograph of this last is thus described in a note supplied with it: "Away from the battle din. With the ship carrying out battle practice, men of the Off Duty Watch can visit the ship's hairdresser and have a trim-up or a shampoo." The particular billiard table seen in our illustration above is that of the petty officers.

LIFE IN A GREAT MODERN BATTLE-SHIP: A CONTRAST TO THE HARSHIPS OF THE PAST.



CATERING ARRANGEMENTS IN A SHIP WHICH CARRIES A CREW OF OVER 1450 OFFICERS AND MEN: A STOREKEEPER ISSUING DAILY RATIONS TO BLUEJACKETS IN H.M.S. "NELSON."



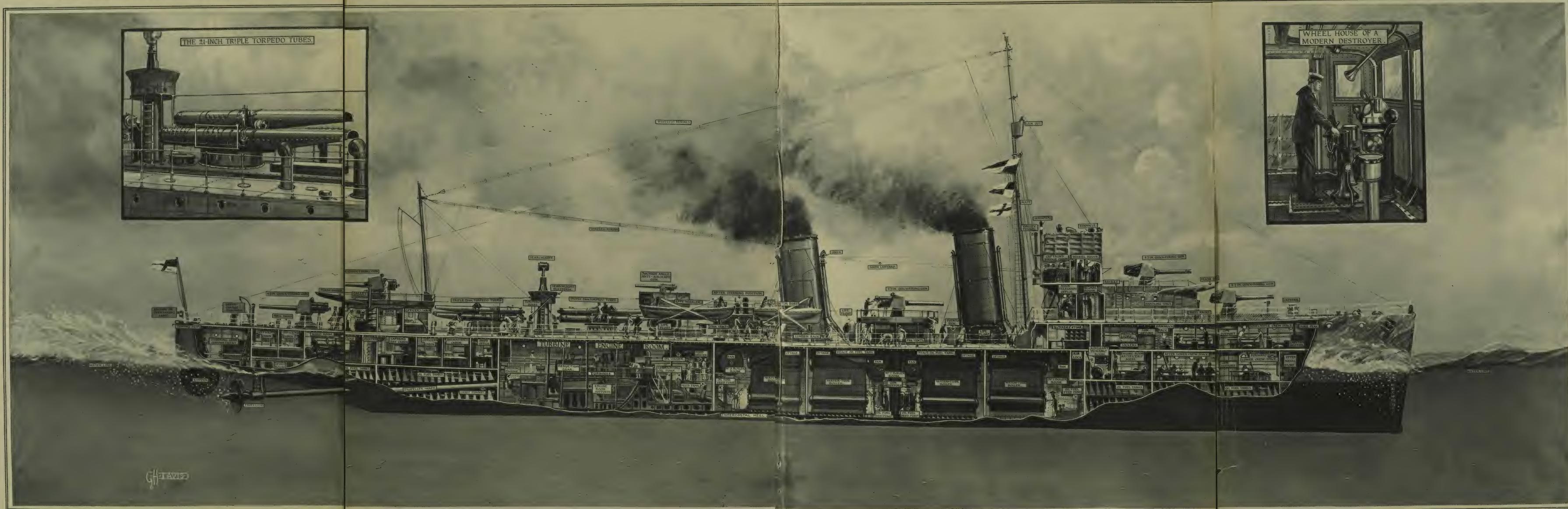
IN A BATTLE-SHIP ORGANISED LIKE A SMALL TOWN WITH ITS VARIOUS TRADES: THE SHIP'S TAILOR AT WORK IN THE PAYMASTER'S CLOTHING STORE OF THE "NELSON."



THE SPACIOUS BATH-ROOM FOR THE WARRANT OFFICERS ABOARD H.M.S. "NELSON": AN INSTANCE OF THE FACT THAT THE LATEST SHIPS OF THE NAVY ARE PROVIDED WITH EVERY MODERN COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CREW.

In a ship of the size of the "Nelson," which is like a small town divided up into many specialised occupations, catering for the officers and crew is a formidable task. In an interesting account of life aboard this ship, a Naval writer in the "Times" said: "'General Messing' has now become universal in the larger vessels. Under this régime the sum of 1s. 4½d. a day for every officer and man is allowed by the Admiralty instead of rations in kind. . . . The officers make their own messing arrangements. . . . The ship's company, however, are messed by the Paymaster Commander and his staff. . . . If the men desire

to do so, they may buy additional little luxuries from the canteen maintained on board by 'N.A.A.F.I.,' otherwise the Navy, Army, and Air Force Institutes." Elsewhere the same writer says: "In the paymaster's clothing store men replenish their wardrobes with any garment they may require. All transactions are carried out on a cash basis, to reduce clerical labour and to encourage economy, and the monthly turnover is in the neighbourhood of £600. Ready-made uniform clothing may be bought, but most men prefer to buy the raw serge and have it made up to their own measurements by the tailors on board."



A MODERN BRITISH DESTROYER—A SECTIONAL VIEW, W

THE STARBOARD SIDE BROKEN DIAGRAMMATICALLY TO REVEAL THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENTS:

SHOWING ALSO IN ENLARGED FORM (INSET ABOVE ON THE LEFT) THE 21-INCH TRIPLE TORPEDO-TUBES, AND (ON THE RIGHT) THE WHEELHOUSE.

Naval matters have been prominent of late, both in connection with discussions of a proposed Anglo-French Naval compromise, a

the practical side, with the exercises of the Atlantic Fleet and the launch of British-built destroyers for Chile and Argentina. The moment is appropriate, therefore, to add a fifth to our series of four-page drawings revealing the interior economy of typical ships of war and commerce. The subjects of the others were H.M.S. "Renown," the "Mauretania," a British Submarine, and a British Light Cruiser. The torpedo-boat destroyer, originally created by the Admiralty as a destroyer of torpedo-boats, became during the war the dreaded enemy of German submarines and therefore of greater size. Thus appeared the super-destroyers, which became known as Flotilla-Leaders. A typical vessel of this class we are now able

to illustrate in detail for the first time. The vessel is of the "Shakespeare" class (built by Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co., Ltd.), which are to-day among the finest boats of their type in existence, and are practically light-cruisers compared with earlier destroyers. The boat is 329 ft. long, and has a tonnage (full load) of 1750. The geared turbines of 40,000 h.p. drive twin screws, and at full speed these boats can do over 36 knots an hour. The armament consists of five 4.7-inch guns, two mounted so as to fire above the forward and after weapons, and two sets of triple torpedo-tubes for launching the 21-inch torpedo. The water-tube boilers burn oil fuel, of which the tanks hold 400 to 500 tons. They are "lively" in a seaway, and so there must be no weaklings in the crew of 160 men. The boat is shown ploughing at full speed through a head-sea, her forecastle deck swept with spray from the slicing rush of her bows.

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY OUR
SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION. (COPYRIGHTED.)

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

WINTER SLEEPERS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

SOME of us who have to live where, for many months to come, cold, dark days and nights will prevail, turn with a delicious thrill of pleasure to the contemplation of the cosy evenings by the

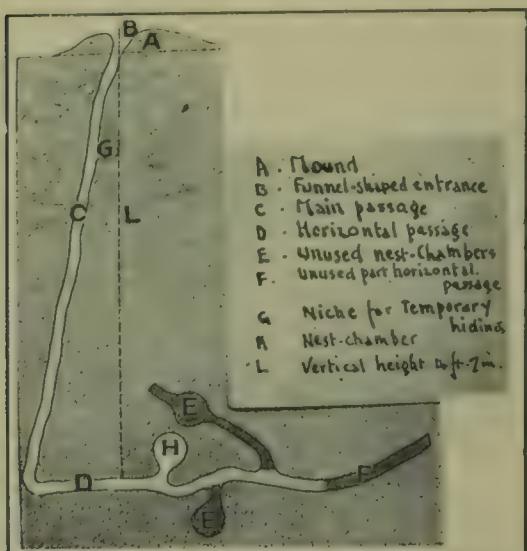


FIG. 1. THE PRAIRIE DOG'S "KENNEL" UNDER-GROUND, WHERE IT SLEEPS THROUGH THE WINTER: A 14-FT. VERTICAL SHAFT LEADING TO A HORIZONTAL GALLERY WITH A "NEST CHAMBER."

The prairie dog of North America, loaded with fat, passes the winter months in a state of profound torpidity in a warm nest, in one of its sleeping-chambers. These burrows are driven down some fourteen or fifteen feet, when they turn horizontally and open out into sleeping-chambers, with store-rooms for food in case of need.

fireside. And our enjoyment is enhanced rather than otherwise if the wind be howling outside and the rain beating against the windows. In due course we venture to bed, and, drowsily watching the play of the firelight, pass into a dreamless slumber. Among what we are pleased to call "the lower orders of Creation," this prolonged season of cold and cheerlessness is countered in various ways. Many of the birds betake themselves to sunny Africa; some stay with us and make the best of it; while other creatures seek some quiet nook and curl themselves up to sleep—or, as we say, "hibernate." This, however, is an alternative impossible to birds.

This mode of escape from a world which has ceased to be agreeable presents, however, a number of very puzzling and often contradictory aspects, though there be many who will tell you that this retirement is simply due to the "stimulus of cold." But the matter is by no means so easily explained; indeed, almost every case has to be interpreted differently. For the most part, it will be found that the "winter sleep" is accompanied by certain premonitory reminders of what is to come, and of the necessary steps to be taken.

Let us begin with a brief survey of cases which do seem to be due to the stimulus of cold. The dormouse, for example, during the autumn plenty eats and grows fat; so much so that the cold, apparently, makes him drowsy. Yet not before he has prepared a suitably warm couch of leaves and moss in some sheltered nook near which, or even in his very bed, a store of food is laid up in case the slumber should be broken and a meal be needed. This done, he rolls himself up into a ball, and drops off to sleep. But it is no ordinary sleep, for the breathing ceases and the temperature of the body falls: a state of profound coma has set in. You may take a sleeping dormouse and roll him across the table without arousing the slightest sign of consciousness.

Another rodent, this time the "prairie dog" of North America (Figs. 1 and 2), also in the autumn develops an immense quantity of fat; and further lays up in its burrow a store of "emergency rations." This done, sleep overtakes him; and again the slumber is profound. No idle hands will experiment with him, or break his slumber, for he is snugly tucked away in

a burrow fourteen or fifteen feet deep. It is not, however, made solely for this purpose. It is his home. No attempt at concealing its entrance is made. It forms a hole in the centre of a mound made to keep out the surface water, and it goes down almost vertically, fourteen or fifteen feet, sometimes even more, then turns horizontally for many more feet, and running off from this are sleeping-chambers and food stores. Only a man with a shovel, and grim determination, is ever likely to raid that abode! The insect-eating bats, by way of contrast, sleep in Spartan fashion, hanging up by their hind-legs in some cave or hollow tree. Some, such as Leisler's bat, sleep soundly the winter through; others, including the little pipistrelle, come out for a meal whenever there is a spell of mild weather. This marked difference in behaviour, we must suppose, is due to the fact that the insect life which serves the pipistrelle well enough would be unsuitable to its fasting cousin.

Another insect-eater, the hedgehog, is a sound sleeper, but, be it noted, seems to be *awakened* by a spell of severe weather. At any rate, it has been seen, times out of number, wandering forth in the snow searching for something to eat. Among the carnivora "hibernation" takes place only among the bears, and their near relations. If, however, by "hibernation" we mean passing into a state of deep slumber, then the bears—at any rate, the females—should rather be said to go into "retirement." And this because at the time of taking up their winter quarters, laden with fat, they are already pregnant. The young are born at the turn of the year. Now a mother in a comatose condition, cold almost as in death, would be oblivious of all around her; how, then, would the youngsters fare? The warmth of their own bodies would soon vanish, and there could be no automatic

flow of milk. The Polar bear (Fig. 3) seeks some overhanging ledge, and is soon buried in a mass of snow, the warmth of her breath melting a funnel through the mass to supply her with the necessary oxygen. If she were truly "hibernating," there would be no breathing, and no supply of "fresh air" for the youngster. One can well believe that she and her cousins of the woods emerge at last, as they are said to do, mere bags of skin and bone.

Torpidity affords a means of escape from starvation to many reptiles. While toads retire to crevices or burrow in the ground, frogs, on the other hand, at least in the case of many species, bury themselves in the mud at the bottom of ponds. Carp, if the water of the pond in which



FIG. 2. "LOADED WITH FAT" TO KEEP WARM DURING WINTER SLEEP: A PRAIRIE DOG AT THE ENTRANCE OF HIS BURROW, MOUNDED TO KEEP OUT SURFACE WATER.

The prairie dog, which is not really a dog, but first cousin to the ground squirrels, hibernates only in the northern parts of its range, which is vast. In the State of Texas no less than 90,000 square miles are occupied by "prairie dogs," and their numbers run into hundreds of millions! Their vertical range is also considerable, extending to above 10,000 feet in the mountainous parts of Colorado and Arizona.

In length they range from 14 to 17 inches, and weigh from 1½ to over 3 lb. they live be frozen to the bottom, will burrow down into the mud; but only immature plaice, so far as I can discover, actually and regularly hibernate, burrowing down into the sand on the sea-floor. The deeply rooted conviction that the "winter sleep" of animals is due to the "stimulus of cold" seems to be contradicted by the behaviour of many butterflies and moths, both in the adult and larval stages. I can only cite one or two cases here.

The silver-washed fritillary, in late July, sallies forth to lay her eggs, flying low over the ground till she comes to a bed of "dog" violets. She then shoots up the nearest tree, oak or pine for choice, and lays her eggs in crevices of the bark, many feet from the ground. In fifteen days the larvae eat their way out of the shell, and at once "crawl" in *August*, remember—into the nearest crevice, where they remain fasting, save for this tiny meal of egg-shell, till the following April! They then proceed to crawl down the tree to seek out the food-bed marked down in the previous autumn by the mother they have never known! The nearly related dark-green fritillary similarly seeks out dog violets for her offspring. But in her case she lays her eggs on the food plant itself, also in late July. But the emerging caterpillars, fifteen days later, having eaten nothing but the top of the egg-shell as they made their escape, at once roll up among the surrounding dead leaves and remain dormant till April comes!

Some of the moths, such as the winter moth and the mottled umber, never know in their adult life what it is to feel the sun, for they emerge only in midwinter, and take their flights abroad only at night. Of the "life before this life," when, as caterpillars, they basked in the glorious sunlight of June, they have no memory—perhaps it is as well. So long, then, as food can be obtained there is no "winter sleep." It is this factor, not a low temperature, which governs the question "to sleep, or not to sleep."



FIG. 3. A FEMALE POLAR BEAR WITH HER YOUNG BORN AFTER SHE WENT INTO "RETIREMENT" FOR THE WINTER: THE ANIMAL ENSCONCED IN A MASS OF SNOW, WITH AN AIR FUNNEL FORMED

BY THE WARMTH OF HER BREATH.

The Polar bear and the brown, black, and grizzly bears of North America go into retirement in the late autumn; but they cannot pass into a state of torpidity, since in the spring they have young to nurse. What happens to the males of the European and American bears is apparently not certainly known. But the males and immature of both sexes of the Polar bear migrate to the region of open water, where they are sure of finding food.

JERUSALEM DISCOVERIES: BYZANTINE REMAINS; A CITY OF DAVID GATE.

BY COURTESY OF MR. JOHN W. CROWFOOT, C.B.E., DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF ARCHAEOLOGY IN JERUSALEM.



1. A BYZANTINE ROAD RECENTLY EXCAVATED AT JERUSALEM: PART OF THE SITE (BENEATH THE CITY WALL) JUST BEYOND THE HOUSE WHOSE FRONT AND INNER ROOMS ARE SHOWN IN PHOTOGRAPHS 2 AND 3.



2. BYZANTINE REMAINS AT JERUSALEM: AN INNER ROOM OF A HOUSE, WITH MOSAIC FLOOR, AND A ROLLER FOR ROLLING FLAT ROOFS.

An announcement of extraordinary interest was made a few days ago—that the Palestine Exploration Fund's excavations on Ophel, at Jerusalem, under Mr. J. W. Crowfoot, had revealed a necropolis which may be the site of the tombs of the Kings of Judah. This discovery lends a strong interest to the above photographs, which show remarkable results of the preceding work. Describing the photographs, Mr. Crowfoot writes to us: "The city which David captured from the Jebusites lay on the ridge south-east of the modern city, but the western limit of this city had not been found before last summer. The ridge itself is a prolongation of Mount Moriah, the old Temple hill where now stand the Dome of the Rock and the Mosque of el Aksa. . . . Between the modern walls and the Pool

[Continued above.]

of Siloam the southern slopes of the valley now consist of a series of terraced fields given over to market-gardening, and it was in one of these that the recent excavations were made. Some 10 or 11 feet below the surface, and under two later levels of occupation, the excavators found a Byzantine street (No. 1): it was over 16 feet wide, and the paving stones and the houses which had once fringed it were still well preserved in places.

[Continued above.]

Continued.]

Photograph No. 3 shows the interior of the front room of one of the houses, with two doors opening on the street, and remains of a staircase. An inner room in the same house is shown in No. 2, floored with plain mosaic and opening on a side street through a back door; the roller on the floor is like those still used in Jerusalem to roll flat roofs. The houses on the opposite side rested originally on arches, which covered rooms opening into the valley on a much lower level; one arch was found still standing (No. 4). The most important discovery was made under the house shown in Nos. 2 and 3: this is a great gate in the western wall of the City of David. As seen in No. 5, the gateway was flanked by two massive towers founded upon the rock. Like the walls of other early Palestinian towns, including the 'Jebusite' wall on the eastern side of our ridge, these were of colossal thickness: the wall of the northern tower was 26 feet thick, and in comparison the town behind them seems fantastically small. It covered eight or nine acres only, but in this respect also it is like other Palestinian cities of the early period. The masonry face seen in the pictures is not earlier than the time of Nehemiah: it is the masonry which must have been visible in the time of Christ. The gateway was finally ruined, no doubt, when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus. In the Byzantine period of Justinian (sixth century A.D.), the street ran more than 20 feet higher."



3. THE FRONT ROOM OF A BYZANTINE HOUSE, WITH TWO DOORS OPENING ON A STREET, AND REMAINS OF A STAIRCASE: PART OF THE SAME BUILDING AS SEEN IN NO. 2 (ADJOINING).



4. ONE OF THE ARCHES WHICH SUPPORTED HOUSES ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET (FACING THAT IN NO. 3) AND COVERED ROOMS ON A LOWER LEVEL: JERUSALEM EXCAVATIONS.



5. THE CHIEF DISCOVERY IN JERUSALEM LAST YEAR: A GREAT GATE IN THE WALL OF THE CITY OF DAVID, FLANKED BY MASSIVE TOWERS—"MASONRY WHICH MUST HAVE BEEN VISIBLE IN THE TIME OF CHRIST."

CEREMONIES AND MOCK CEREMONY: INTERESTING OCCASIONS.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE CHICHIBU: THE BRIDE, IN ANCIENT COURT DRESS, LEAVING THE RESIDENCE OF VISCOUNT MATSUDAIRA, HER ADOPTED FATHER. As we noted in our last issue, when we reproduced portraits of the bride and bridegroom in their ceremonial old-world dress and in modern attire, the wedding of Prince Chichibu, brother of the Emperor of Japan and Heir-Apparent to the Imperial Throne, and Miss Setsuko Matsudaira, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador-designate to this country, and adopted



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE CHICHIBU, HEIR-APPARENT TO THE JAPANESE THRONE, AND MISS SETSUOKO MATSUDAIRA: THE BRIDE DRIVING TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE. daughter of Viscount Matsudaira, took place at Tokyo on September 28. Her Imperial Highness was adopted by her uncle in order that she might have the necessary rank. The marriage was celebrated according to the ancient Shinto rites. The general arrangements were particularly notable for their lack of ostentation.



A RULER WHO IS WESTERNISING HIS COUNTRY WITH REMARKABLE RAPIDITY: KING AMANULLAH OF AFGHANISTAN LECTURING ON HIS RECENT EUROPEAN TOUR, WITH THE AID OF A MAP. King Amanullah, who visited Europe recently with a view to seeing what European customs could be adopted in his country, has lost no time in utilising his experiences, and is introducing Western ideas into Afghanistan with a rapidity that is remarkable, and is said to be resented by some. As we write, indeed, it is thought that the punitive expedition against a village near the Altumur Pass was necessitated by a revolt against the new order.



SEEKING TO RECOVER SUNKEN IMPERIAL GALLEYS: SIGNOR MUSSOLINI WATCHING PUMPS DRAINING LAKE NEMI. Signor Mussolini visited Lake Nemi on October 20 and set in motion the electrically driven pumps designed to drain the lake, and so expose the two Imperial galleys of the Emperor Tiberius which foundered there during a sudden storm, and are thought to contain objects of much archaeological interest.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS BARBER'S MATE: AT THE CROSSING OF THE LINE DURING THE VOYAGE TO AFRICA.



WHEN THE PRINCE ACTED AS LATHER BOY: H.R.H. ABOUT TO ASSIST IN THE SHAVING OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, WHO WAS FOUND GUILTY OF BEING A FIRST-CLASS SPORTSMAN—THE BARBER STANDING BY.

When the "Malda" crossed the Line, Neptune duly came aboard and held his Court. Twenty-seven passengers were arraigned, thirteen of them women. Amongst the men was the Duke of Gloucester, who was charged with not producing his charge on this parade; with wasting his



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER SHAVED AT THE CROSSING OF THE LINE: THE BARBER AT WORK AFTER THE PRINCE HAD LATHERED.

time watching other passengers play chess; with not visiting Africa before 1928; and with being a first-class sportsman. He was found guilty, and sentenced to the customary shaving and ducking. The Prince of Wales was a fearsome Barber's Mate, complete with piratical moustache!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN: A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



MISS ISOBEL McGOWAN.

Miss McGowan is the elder daughter of Sir Harry McGowan, K.B.E., and Lady McGowan. She is a member of the Committee responsible for the Supper Dance and Special Cabaret to be held at the Ambassadors Club, Conduit Street, on November 7, in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund, which assists the poor.



WOMEN AND THE MINISTRY: A GROUP AT THE FIRST CONFERENCE OF THE UNION OF WOMEN MINISTERS, AT COWLEY ROAD CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, OXFORD.

Fourteen of the twenty-one women ministers of this country, supported by women students for the ministry, attended the first Conference of the Union of Women Ministers at Oxford recently. An opening service was held at the Congregational Church, of which Mrs. Constance Colman is co-pastor with her husband. It was conducted by the Rev. Grace Mewhort, and the Rev. Mrs. Wilna Constable preached.

All belong either to the Congregational, Baptist, or Unitarian Church.



GERHARD HAUPTMANN'S SON AND HIS BRIDE: DR. BENVENUTO HAUPTMANN AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THEIR HONEYMOON.

Dr. Benvenuto Hauptmann is the son of the famous German poet and dramatist. His wife was Princess Elizabeth of Schaumburg-Lippe. Dr. Hauptmann was in the German diplomatic service, but has retired from it.



THE VICTIMS OF THE AEROPLANE CRASH AT THE MOTE MOUNT GOLF COURSE: MISS SICELE O'BRIEN (LEFT) AND THE HON. MILDRED LEITH WITH THE MOTH.

As is noted on another page, on which we give a photograph of the wrecked machine, a Moth aeroplane, piloted by Miss Sicele O'Brien and having the Hon. Mildred Leith as passenger, crashed on the new Mote Mount golf course on October 20. Both ladies were injured seriously, and Miss O'Brien has had to have a leg amputated. Miss O'Brien is the eldest daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien; and Miss Leith, the half-sister of Lord Burgh.



THE MIXED FOOURSOMES AT WORPLESDON: THE FINALISTS—MR. NOEL LAYTON AND MRS. GOLD, AND MISS JOYCE WETHERED AND MR. J. S. F. MORRISON (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Miss Wethered and her partner, Mr. Morrison, beat Mrs. Gold and Mr. Layton at the thirty-sixth hole. Miss Wethered was playing in her fifth Worplesdon final. The approximate scores were: the winners, 39 and 41; the losers, 42 and 41.



MRS. KENNETH HOLLOWAY.

Mrs. Kenneth Holloway is the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Nicholls. Her marriage took place in 1924. She is on the Committee arranging the Supper Dance and Special Cabaret in aid of the Ivory Cross National Dental Aid Fund. Tickets for this, by the way, can be obtained from the Committee, or from the Hon. Sec., Miss Fletcher, 93-94, Wimpole Street, W.I.



THE BRITISH HIGH COMMISSIONER IN CANADA: SIR WILLIAM CLARK; WITH LADY CLARK AND MISS FRANCES CLARK.

Sir William H. Clark, then Comptroller-General of the Department of Over-Seas Trade, was appointed the first British High Commissioner in Canada last April. In 1909, he married Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. W. J. Monsell, and widow of Mr. W. Bennett Pike.



THE WIFE AND CHILD OF THE "LONE" ATLANTIC AIRMAN: MRS. HENRY C. MACDONALD AND HER SON.

Mrs. MacDonald is the wife of the "lone" airman who started from Newfoundland on October 17 in an attempt to fly to London in his Gypsy-Moth aeroplane. Lieut.-Commander H. C. MacDonald served in the "Waspire" during the war, and was at the Battle of Jutland.



ARMED WITH A LOAF OF BREAD AND A LUMP OF COAL: LADY BYNG OPENING EXPERIMENTAL COTTAGES.

Before entering the cottages, which are at Thorpe-le-Soken, and let at a rental of 4s. a week, Lady Byng followed ancient Essex custom by throwing bread and coal across the threshold, with the wish that those who lived within might never want for food or warmth.

NAIROBI SAYS "COME IN" AND THE PRINCE TALKS WITH



MASAI WARRIORS SALUTING THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THEIR TRADITIONAL STYLE, WITH UPRAISED SHIELDS AND SPEARS: A PICTURESQUE INCIDENT OF HIS VISIT TO THE NATIVE CAMP NEAR NAIROBI.



KIKUYU CHIEFS SALUTING THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE USUAL MILITARY MANNER: A QUAINLY ATTIRRED GROUP, ONE OF THEM WITH AN UMBRELLA, IN THE NATIVE CAMP NEAR NAIROBI.



NAIROBI WELCOMES THE PRINCE AND THE DUKE WITH THE NATIVE WORD KARIBU ("COME IN!"), SURMOUNTED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES'S FEATHERS: A PICTURESQUE STREET ARCH.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IMMEDIATELY TO LEFT OF FRAMED PICTURE) PRESENTING A PORTAIT OF HIMSELF TO THE MERU CHIEF: AN INTERESTING SCENE DURING HIS VISIT TO THE NATIVE CAMP NEAR NAIROBI.



WITH A LADY LEADING HIS HORSE: THE PRINCE OF WALES IN ON MR. M. MARKHAM'S CAMBRIAN (THE FAVOURITE), ON

(KARIBU) TO ROYAL VISITORS: AFRICAN CHIEFS IN THEIR CAMP.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN A CAR WITH LADY GRIGG, THE WIFE OF SIR EDWARD GRIGG, GOVERNOR OF KENYA COLONY: ON THE WAY TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NAIROBI.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (SECOND FROM RIGHT IN FRONT) RIDING THE GOVERNOR'S HORSE, SIMON PROUD, IN THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS' CUP DURING THE RACES AT NAIROBI—THE START.



THE PRINCE OF WALES SHAKING HANDS WITH A CHIEF OF THE EMBU BRANCH OF THE KIKUYU TRIBE AT NAIROBI: AN OCCASION ON WHICH TWO MEDICINE MEN PERFORMED WEIRD DANCES.



THE PARADE RING AT THE NAIROBI RACE-MEETING, MOUNTED WHICH HE FINISHED SECOND IN THE DUKE OF YORK'S PLATE.



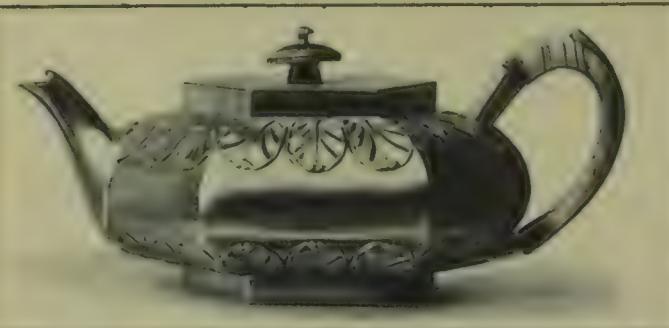
THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE EAST AFRICAN AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT NAIROBI: THE PRINCE OF WALES (NEAREST CAMERA, IN CENTRE OF GROUP) IN THE JUDGES' RING (IN BACKGROUND) A PAVILION FITTED WITH LOUD-SPEAKERS.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Gloucester arrived at Nairobi, from Mombasa, on October 1, and received an enthusiastic welcome, the whole life of Kenya Colony being represented in the crowds lining the three-mile route from the station to Government House. A striking feature of the street decorations was the great arch bearing the word *Karibu*, which in the native tongue means "Come in." Above was a shield bearing the Prince of Wales's feathers. Framed in the porticos of this and other arches were natives bedecked in barbaric finery. The next day there was a gathering (Baraza) of 2000 native chiefs and headmen, from all parts of the colony, in front of Government House. The Prince decorated several natives, presented sheathed hunting-knives to the principal chiefs, and delivered an address. His concluding sentence, saying farewell, was spoken in Swahili. In the afternoon the royal party visited the East African Agricultural Show. As the *Baraza* had afforded him little opportunity of conversing with individual natives, the Prince, on October 3, visited the chiefs and councillors in their camp near Nairobi, and personally presented them with photographs of himself in the uniform of the Welsh Guards.

Each tribal group greeted him after their own fashion. The wild Turkana broke into excited dancing. The fine Masai warriors held spears and shields high in the air. He made a tour of the camp, and, when he left, the whole mass of 2000 Africans surged round his car, waving their weapons, shouting, chanting, and dancing. On the following day (October 4), the Prince and the Duke took part in the October races at Nairobi. In the Duke of York's Plate the Prince rode the favourite, Mr. M. Markham's Cambrian, and finished second. He also rode the Governor's horse, Simon Proud, in the Guards' Cup, finishing fourth, and Captain J. Vernon's Ladybird in the Talisman Plate. The Duke of Gloucester rode Mr. Michael Lafone's Hellespont in the Moderate Plate. On the 6th the Prince won the race for the King's African Rifles Cup, and the Duke was second. On the 7th, the brothers separated, the Duke starting on his hunting expedition. The Prince has since visited Uganda, and on the 10th he also went on *safari* after elephants in the Lake Albert region, where General Trotter (Groom-in-Waiting) was taken ill and had to leave for home. The Prince stayed up all night at his bedside.



ON the whole, the collector of silver is fortunate in that he has to be a quite uncommon type of idiot before he buys a wrong piece. Anyone can make a mistake over a piece of furniture, and the greatest art experts have given, and will continue to give, wrong attributions to pictures; but it is difficult to deceive oneself over silver, unless one wants to be deceived. We have to thank the Plantagenets



AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY EXAMPLE: A SILVER TEAPOT OF 1807, IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.

By Courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

for introducing legislation for the benefit of the twentieth-century collector. It is not that mediæval monarchs had any intention of doing good to posterity, but it was obviously necessary to protect the currency: if the standard for plate was allowed to drop below that of the coinage, the coinage would obviously disappear very quickly. So in 1300 we find the first mention of the Leopard's Head—and every piece of plate assayed in London since has been stamped with this mark. The Leopard has altered in appearance with the passing of the years, and has been sometimes crowned, sometimes fierce and bearded, and sometimes more like a smooth-faced and good-tempered domestic cat, but there he has been, and still flourishes, since the time of Edward I.

Sixty-three years later the maker had to put on his own mark in addition to that of the King, when his work was taken to be assayed, and the Date Mark was introduced later still. The Lion Passant, which most people recognise before the Leopard's Head, does not appear until 1544, and no one seems quite sure how to account for it. What is certain is that its appearance coincides with an exceptional debasement of the currency under Henry VIII., who was as unsound in financial as in matrimonial matters; and it is more than likely that this additional mark was introduced to indicate that the old standard was kept up. The buying of antique silver is thus almost a fool-proof hobby—as picture collecting would be if for the past 600 years no painter had been allowed to sell a picture without having it officially



MADE IN 1787, DURING THE REIGN OF GEORGE III.: AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY SILVER TEAPOT.

By Courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

stamped with hieroglyphics showing (1) materials used; (2) painter's name; (3) date; and (4) place of origin.

At the same time, the use and polishing of two centuries can on occasion render the marks almost indecipherable; while repairs, made of set purpose or through ignorance, can completely alter the character of a piece (e.g., the handle typical of the year 1725 will be put on to a teapot of 1770, or a spout of 1800

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

OLD SILVER: THE EVOLUTION OF THE TEAPOT; AND SOME FORGERS' TRICKS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

may be grafted on to an earlier example). It is in cases like this that the knowledge which only comes from continuous handling of old silver, and which cannot be acquired solely from the printed word, is able to identify with reasonable exactitude each specimen, however mutilated its condition. Nor is it solely a question of the sensitive eye: the sense of touch can sometimes be brought into play. This is an interesting experiment; try it when you have the opportunity. Take two teapots, one an original eighteenth-century example, the other a replica, but made by hand—a replica, that is, in the spirit as well as in the form of the old piece. Shut your eyes and pass your hand lightly over each. Unless your sense of touch is extraordinarily dull, you will find that the modern teapot is hard in comparison with the old—in other words, a hundred and fifty years of use and polishing have softened the surface of the latter—infinitesimally, it is true, but none the less effectively. When you have made this test for yourself, remember that two hours' work with an electric rotary leather can add fifty years to the appearance and feel of a modern work.

When the new-fangled drinks, tea, coffee, and chocolate, began to become popular, the silversmith, who had to find a proper receptacle for them, went to the tankard for his model. So the earliest examples

impossible of attainment to any but the very wealthy.

Now I propose to modify what I said in the first paragraph of this article. The man who buys a



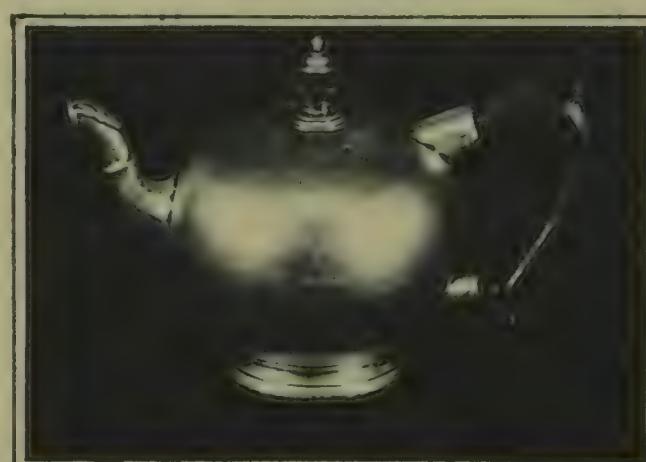
DATING FROM 1732: A SILVER TEAPOT OF THE GEORGE II. PERIOD.

By Courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

wrong piece of silver is not an uncommon type of idiot, but a common one. There is no excuse for him, because he can so easily get advice from people who really know, and would as soon think of encouraging him to buy a faked piece as of standing on their heads in the middle of Westminster Abbey. I can best explain the amateur's difficulties by describing one or two forgers' tricks which, though commonplaces to the expert, are not generally known.

Those little George II. silver saucepans with long wooden handles are familiar to everyone. These will be worth from 30s. to 35s. per oz. The forger will turn this type of saucepan quite easily into a rose-bowl—nothing is more simple—and he will only have to add the base. This conversion will involve no interference with the marks. The faked bowl will be worth about £6 per oz., and the only certain way the forgery can be detected is by melting the solder used for the base and assaying its quality. A pretty trick this. More than one skittle-ball teapot has been made up from a saucepan in this way. Unfortunately for the faker, silver saucepans don't have lids, and teapots of this period—London-made ones, anyway—have the marks on the lid.

Another method of faking is known as the double bottom trick: i.e., a mark is taken from an early piece and applied to the new one. This practice was not uncommon in the reigns of George I. and George II., in order to avoid the hall-marking duties. There are several George I. coffee-pots about London now which bear the William and Mary marks. This trick was sometimes attempted with the marks taken from a tray or some flat object of little value. You turn your faked bowl upside down, and there are the marks in a straight line. If the bowl was original, the marks would be arranged like the four points of the compass.



A SILVER TEAPOT OF THE TIME OF GEORGE II., MADE IN 1730.

By Courtesy of Mr. R. Davis.

(c. 1680) are glorified beer-mugs with the addition of a straight spout and a cone-shaped lid. It is not possible to make any distinction between coffee and tea pots at this period; they were both of this severe cone-topped lantern type. (It is amusing, by the way, to read the petition to Parliament in 1674—that the increasing consumption of coffee would cause the people "to dwindle into a succession of apes and pygmies.") A little later (c. 1686) comes a modification in the shape of a D instead of a circular handle, a very slightly curved spout, and the cone-lid finished with a knob. The turn of the century brought in the teapot as we know it. The lantern pot is now a collector's dream: so is, in a lesser degree, the William and Mary and Queen Anne type, especially the octagonal shape which everyone associates with the period. They exist, and they can be found at sales from time to time; but enquiry at the four best London dealers' has failed to discover a single example. With George I. comes the skittle-ball shape; some years later the pear shape, and then the drum shape—all with an infinite variety of decorative embellishments as fashion changed and the public had to be tempted with new things. The illustrations have been chosen to show not so much great rarities, as the fine types that are not



ANOTHER SPECIMEN OF EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY WORK IN THE LATER YEARS OF GEORGE III.: A SILVER TEAPOT MADE IN 1810.

By Courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

A PIONEER DISPLAY OF GARDEN SCULPTURE: NEW SCOPE FOR AN "UNAPPRECIATED" ART.



1. "GARDEN GROUP" (PAN AND NYMPH), BY C. S. JAGGER, A.R.A., BESIDE A STONE POOL WITH BRONZE FROGS BY MR. REYNOLDS-STEVENS: A STRIKING EXHIBIT AGAINST A SCREEN OF CYPRESSES.



2. "FOUNTAIN OF THE VALKYRIES," BY GILBERT BAYES, F.R.B.S.: A NOTABLE WORK IN MARBLE, BRONZE, AND GOLD MOSAIC (PRICED AT 400 GUINEAS) AT THE HORTICULTURAL HALL.



3. "THE ELF," BY SIR WILLIAM GOSCOMBE JOHN, R.A.: A BEAUTIFUL WORK (VALUED AT 1000 GUINEAS).



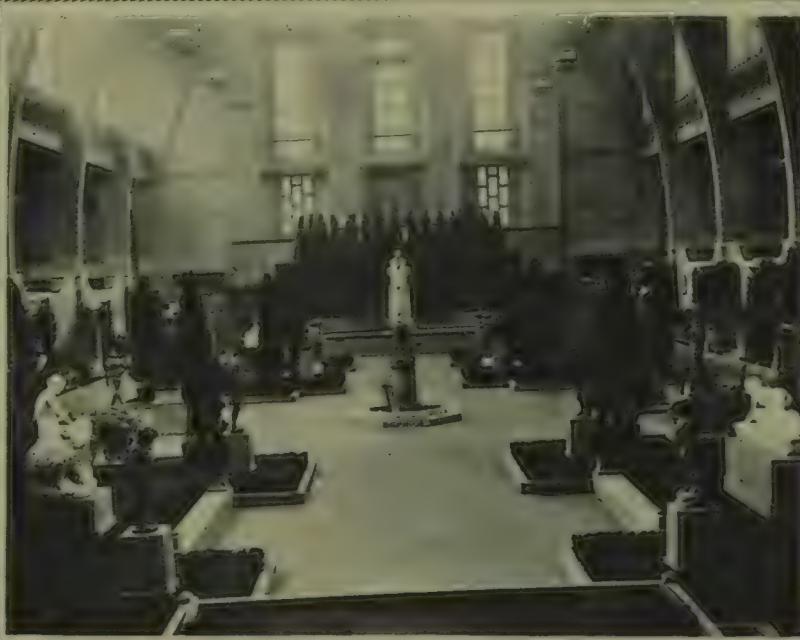
4. "WATER LILIES," BY T. NEWBURN CROOK, F.R.B.S., H.R.I.: A "POEM IN MARBLE" SHOWN AT THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION (SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN NO. 6, BELOW).



5. "CIRCE AND THE SWINE," BY A. G. WALKER, F.R.B.S.: AN EXQUISITE GROUP (VALUED AT £2000) SEEN ALSO IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 6.

The recent International Exhibition of Garden Design, held at the Royal Horticultural Society's new Hall in Westminster, was described by Lord Crawford, who opened it, as a pioneer exhibition, being the first of its kind to display statuary and ornaments in relation to horticulture. The revival of garden design has been the work of modern architects, and it has afforded new scope to the growing art of English sculpture. Commenting on this matter (before the exhibition closed) General Lord Edward Gleichen wrote lately (in the "Times") : "For the first time the London public has a chance of seeing how good sculpture can be not only worthily

[Continued below.]



6. THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF GARDEN SCULPTURE: THE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S NEW HALL LAID OUT AS A FORMAL GARDEN—SHOWING STATUARY ILLUSTRATED ABOVE IN NOS. 1, 3, 4, AND 5.



7. "A MODERN GARDEN FOR A MODERN HOUSE": A REMARKABLE GARDEN MODEL BY MR. McDONNELL WINDER (IN BACKGROUND) WITH A HOUSE DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECT OF THE NEW HORTICULTURAL HALL.

Continued.]

but beautifully displayed. Sculpture is an art which is not properly appreciated in these islands. The present school of young British sculptors is . . . second to none in the world, yet their studios are empty of commissions. One of the main reasons is that there are in London no exhibition galleries devoted exclusively to sculpture. . . . My object is to call the attention of munificent art patrons to this serious deficit, and to suggest that one or more of them, following Sir J. Duveen's magnificent example in providing

more picture galleries, should do the same for the sister art."

Fashions & Fancies

PRACTICAL WARDROBES, HOWEVER LIMITED, SHOULD FIND PLACE FOR A LEATHER COAT FOR MOTORING, A SMART SUIT, AND AN EVENING DRESS SUCH AS THESE.

New Angles of Fashion.

many angles, since all things seem to end in queer little points, or to float away unexpectedly in slanting lines. Even the hats have this one-sided tilt to the brim. There are felts, velours, and pannes boasting brims which widen at one side and curve over the cheek, or are cut sharply into a little point at one ear. The coat collar in fur has a point in the centre of the back, caused sometimes by a fox's head or by two tails. The shawl collar, almost covering the ears, dips in an amusing little point or so at the back, looking surprisingly like the peak of a shingled coiffure. In some smart coats, the hem, too, is cut in a similar little point to match the collar, also bordered with fur. I have even seen a triangular bag, carried out in woven silk braid in many colours.

The Russian Influence Again.

its agents provocateurs even in the cosmopolitan world of fashion. For certain jumpers are getting longer, reaching even the length of a Russian tunic, when carried out in printed ring velvet or in satin; while quite thick coats are shortening to the hip-line,

A fashionable evening frock such as this can be made most successfully with any of the new Courtaulds' dress fabrics, which are soft and supple as silk and drape extremely well. "Courgette" is suggested for a frock of this description with graceful fluted godets.

and are warmly bordered with fur. Many of the new autumn ensembles have a short coat in tweed or camelcloth hemmed with fox, with a skirt to match, and a jumper in stockinette or Angora. Sometimes these coats are made with rounded corners, outlined entirely with fur, so they can be worn open like little Cossack jackets. Red in all shades, from vivid pillar-box to a soft raspberry, is another significant feature of the coming season's fashions. Not so much in hats, the usual method of expression, but in evening frocks and smart afternoon dresses of velvet brocaded chiffon or printed velvet.

Chestnut the Fashionable Day Colour.

These is no doubt that in the daytime a rich chestnut brown is the fashionable colour. Tailored coats are carried out in dark brown tweeds, afternoon frocks in ring velvet with warm autumn colourings printed on a nigger background, and amongst the furs brown caracul, dyed broadtail, and ermine are very new. It is undoubtedly a becoming shade to the colouring of the majority of English women. Bold patterns in brown introduced on a light oatmeal background are to be found on the new jumpers, worn with skirts of the darker shade. Touches of a vivid tomato colour are very effective on these brown suits, and a smart model has a large flower in this colour actually woven in the material just below one shoulder and on the belt. This idea of the flat flower forming part of the trimming promises to become more and more popular as the weather insists on coat collars fitting snugly to the chin.

Courtaulds' Fabrics for Frocks.

Everyone knows the many splendid qualities of the Courtauld fabrics for lingerie, which include Luvisca, Delysia, and Xantha; so the new materials made by this firm will need no guarantee further than their name. There are five of these, which are excellent for frocks of every kind, from plain everyday jumper suits to a lovely evening dress such as the model pictured above. There is "Courgette," a soft, beautifully draping fabric for evening frocks, costing 6s. 11d. a yard; and "Courlyn," an artificial silk and wool marocain. "Courcain" and Courtaulds' washing satin, costing 4s. 11d. a yard and 5s. 11d. a yard respectively, are also excellent for children's frocks and lingerie.

Fashion is viewing life from a new angle this season. Or rather, from

Leather Coats for Motoring.

During the autumn and winter, the only practical coat for motoring in an open car is one of really good leather. The coat pictured on the right of this page, for instance, is made of carefully chosen black chrome leather, which will withstand many years of very hard wear, and will keep out wind and rain on the worst days. It may be found at Moss Bros., King Street and Bedford Street, Covent Garden, who specialise in leather coats at varying prices, all remarkably inexpensive. They range from 5½ guineas upwards, in almost every shade. Ordinary raincoats for country wear can also be obtained here, from £2 10s. As the hunting season is very near, it is useful to remember that there are riding habits obtainable from 6½ guineas, and side-saddle habits from 12 guineas in these salons. All accessories such as riding boots, hats, crops, and gloves are at correspondingly moderate prices.

Inexpensive Knitted Suits.

Once again the autumn fashions include knitted ensembles as an indispensable part of every wardrobe.



Two attractive knitted ensembles which are quite inexpensive at Gamages, Holborn, E.C. The colour scheme of the one on the left is red, white, and navy, and the other chestnut, brown, and white.



A well-cut practical motoring coat of black chrome leather lined with a warm woollen material. It was sketched at Moss Bros., of King Street and Bedford Street, W.C.

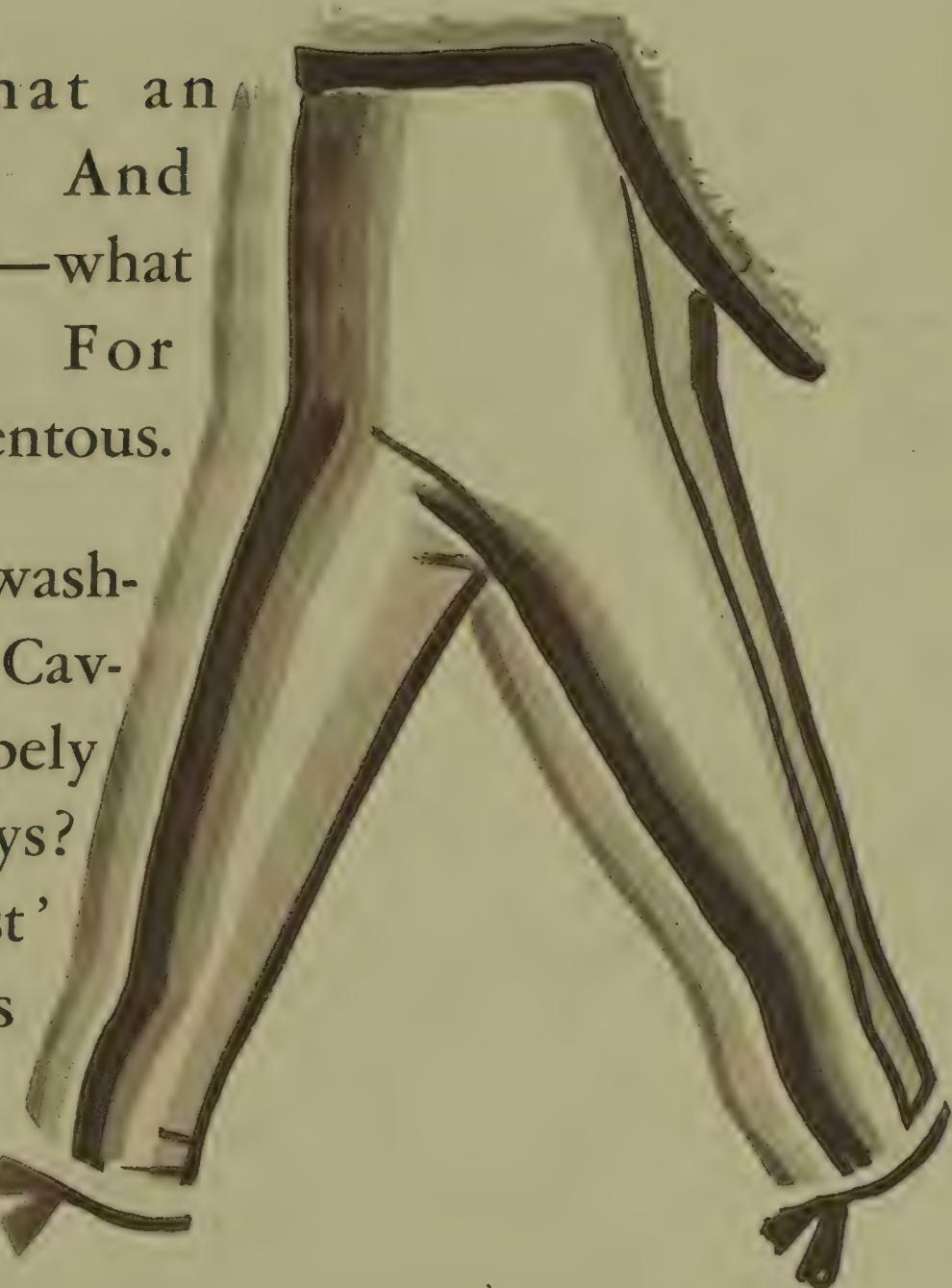
The new stockinette suits are in original designs, such as the two sketched here, which come from Gamages, Holborn, E.C. The one on the left has the jumper in white trimmed with navy-blue speckled with gold, with the sleeveless cardigan and skirt in pillar-box red. The other is in yellow striped with white and nigger, and both jumper and cardigan have long sleeves. The price of each is 4½ guineas. Other three-piece stockinette ensembles in many different styles and colourings can be obtained from 42s. 9d. upwards. In the same salons you will find many useful items of the autumn and winter equipment. There are tweed coats with fur collars available for 27s. 9d., and leather coats from 4 guineas; while short suède coats, which are indispensable for winter golf, range from 3 guineas upwards.

Winter Furnishing.

An interesting new book of autumn and winter furnishing has just been issued by Hamptons, Pall Mall East, S.W. It is beautifully illustrated in colour, and contains many actual patterns of new, lovely materials. A copy will be sent gratis and post free on request to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper. There are several new additions to the firm's famous "Sunland" furnishing fabrics, which are guaranteed unfadable. A shot reversible repp in a ribbed design, obtainable in lovely blundings of orange, gold, brown, and beige, is available for 6s. 11d. a yard, 50 inches wide; and a lighter fabric shot artificial silk taffeta in a striking diamond pattern design, is only 3s. 11d. a yard, 48 inches wide. For a library or smoking room, there is a thick, rich "Vandyke Velour," available in twenty clear colours, costing 6s. 6d. a yard, 48 inches wide. Then there is a vast collection of carpets in every style, colouring, and price. This firm's own seamless Axminsters offer remarkable value, for they are obtainable from £3 2s., size 6 by 6 ft., and are made in Persian, Turkish, Chinese, and Chintz designs to suit every type of room.

BREECHES——what an engrossing subject. And 'who shall wear them?'—what an age-old question. For breeches are ever momentous.

Were there not the gay swash-buckling breeches of the Cavaliers? The sleek, shapely breeches of Georgian days? What of the glory of 'first' breeches, the capaciousness of 'plus fours,' the immensity of 'Oxfords'?



But before the immaculate 'smalls' of 'Johnnie Walker' one is dumb. One can but raise one's glass and honour them in silence.



**JOHNNIE
WALKER**

Born 1820—Still going Strong!

DISGUISES OF THE DETECTIVE AND THE CRIMINAL.

(Continued from Page 752.)

By a series of patient investigations the police discovered that the leader of the three assassins was the missing man known as Pierre. After his exploit in Corsica he was believed to have returned to Marseilles. Le Bozec knew that only by a ruse could he discover his lair. He donned a white trench-coat and wide-brimmed hat, and altered his face by the help of a moustache and glasses (No. 3 on page 753). Thus disguised, he resembled the accomplice who had been captured at the outset. In order to make quite sure that the disguise was good, he approached two of his colleagues on duty, who knew nothing of his plan, and requested them to direct him to a certain café. They failed to recognise him, and he had great difficulty in convincing them of his identity. Greatly encouraged, Le Bozec went to a former haunt of the arrested man, and, after a suspicious look round, whispered into the ear of the proprietor, "Where is Pierre? They've released me. Quick! I want to warn him." The innkeeper at once gave him the address of a lodging-house in the suburbs, and an hour later the murderer, who believed that his accomplice had come to see him, was handcuffed before he could offer any resistance and safely locked in the cells. Yet the only clue the police had discovered was that the fellow's name was Pierre—not much to go upon!

No. 1 is the same clever detective in the clothes he generally wears when on duty at the harbour. It is the traditional dress of the Mediterranean stevedores and dock-labourers. No. 2 resulted in another important capture. Burglars had stolen bales of silk, tweeds, and other cloth, valued at a million francs, from a well-known wholesale house. The investigation led the police to suspect that a certain tailor would be chosen as the receiver. His shop was in a very quiet street, and several hidden spies instantly gave warning whenever a detective appeared. Le Bozec had noticed that there was a small bookshop not far away. He called there as a one-eyed, one-armed traveller in books, and obtained a post as outside salesman. In this way he was able to watch the tailor's premises all day without attracting attention. The police were convinced that the thieves would not risk bringing their merchandise at night, when detectives might easily be hidden in dark doorways. The signal

agreed upon was that Le Bozec should drop a number of books on the pavement when the police were to carry out their raid. A man had been posted with binoculars on a roof, so that he could see the bookshop, but was invisible to the watching spies. The ruse was entirely successful. Day after day at the same hour, an innocent-looking delivery-van unloaded bales of cloth at the tailor's shop. When sufficient evidence had thus been collected, the police suddenly barred the street at each end, the apparently stupid and crippled salesman became a very active and formidable officer, and thieves and receiver were captured and the stolen wares recovered. The arrest was so utterly unexpected that the criminals had no time to make use of the weapons they carried.

As a house-painter—a convenient trade for looking through windows on a first or second floor—or dressed as a loafer, M. Baux has also done some good work. The photographs on page 753 (Nos. 4 and 7) show that no detail is neglected, from head to foot: even before the cold, pitiless eye of the camera the make-up is perfect. It is amazing how a face can be altered by such trifles as pads in nose and cheeks, a three-days' stubble of beard, spectacles, or a scar. Broken teeth are faked by the use of pitch or black wax. But all these trifles must fit the part. A young Parisian detective once entered a *bal musette*—the apaches' equivalent of a dance-hall—dressed as an apache of the type the films and music-hall artists have made popular. He was not aware of the fact that apaches, when they relax, put on clean clothes, wear showy and expensive shirts, collars and ties, and pay especial attention to their shoes. These are always spotless, though pointed, high-heeled, and effeminate in appearance. Fortunately, two detectives were already on duty at the *bal*, and the young officer was got out alive.

Criminals make use of disguise quite as much as the police, either whilst working or when trying to escape. They have learned, from many forced visits to the Bertillon department, that their hereditary foes pay little or no attention to clothes, beards, wigs, or any of the helps which the novice would naturally seek. The "spoken portrait," invented by Alphonse Bertillon, describes those parts of the human features and frame which cannot be altered. There is the forehead and its numerous characteristics, for instance, which may be dented, smooth, low, broad, or bulging. The colour of the eyes, the size and shape of the nose

and the ear are invariable. Only lately a swindling banker was arrested in Paris because detectives recognised his ear. He evidently believed that a newly grown beard and moustache and tinted spectacles had completely altered his appearance, and he was actually sauntering nonchalantly along one of the main streets when he was captured.

There has been no case reported yet of a criminal with false ears. No doubt it will come, for the unceasing struggle between police and malefactors has given birth to many strange devices. Carouy, one of the terrible Bonnot gang, evaded capture for several weeks by a heroic measure. His eyes were peculiarly small and round, and every police officer had been informed of this. Carouy sent a friend to buy a lancet, some cocaine, and a hypodermic syringe. When his skin was sufficiently numbed by an injection of the drug, the outer and inner corners of the eyes were slit and held apart by sticking-plaster until they healed. The effect was extraordinary. His round eyes now appeared to be long and narrow. He was seen one day by two detectives, who allowed him to pass because the eyes were different from those of the man they sought. All would have been well had the friend who performed the operation not given him away.

Another clever trick was resorted to by a banker noted for his curly hair, ruddy complexion, and brilliant black eyes. He was a striking figure, although somewhat corpulent. The police counted on capturing him with ease. As a matter of fact, when he passed the watching detectives at the frontier, he had become a thin, pallid, elderly man, completely bald, with inflamed, rheumy eyes. Soon afterwards the Belgian police communicated with the Sûreté and reported his capture in Antwerp just as he was leaving for the States on a Dutch-American steamer. Everyone at the Sûreté felt sorry for the fellow when they learned by what means he had fooled them. Whilst in hiding he had cut down his daily food to dry bread and water. This soon removed the bloom from his cheeks and the fat from his body. The internal use of certain drugs and permanganate of potash in his washing water gave him a truly sallow complexion. Then, when he was ready to fly, the fellow had shaved his head, grizzled the fringe of short hair which had been left to accentuate the artificial baldness, and inflamed his eyes by the clever use of an irritant. This utter contempt for physical pain was worthy of a better cause.

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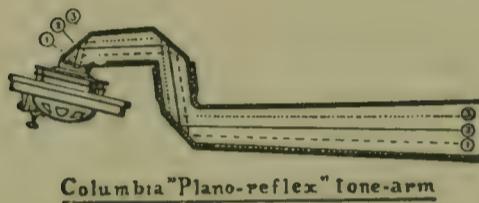
(The original can be seen, together with many others, at K.L.G. Works, Putney Vale, S.W.15)

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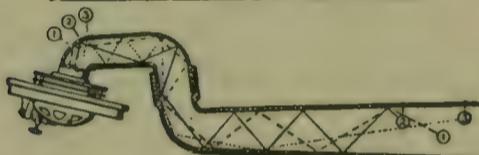
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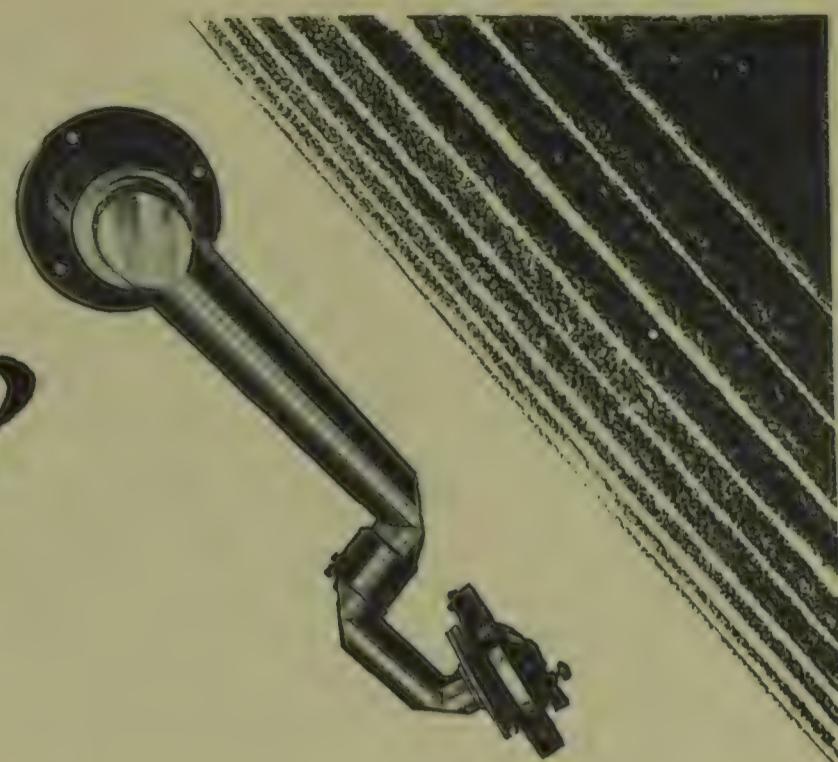


Columbia "Plano-reflex" tone-arm



Ordinary Curved-elbow tone-arm

The above diagram shows the straight line projection of sound in the "Plano-reflex" Tone-arm, as against the cross-reflections and distortion set up in ordinary curved Tone-arms.



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GOOD THINGS FROM OTHER LANDS.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

In a few weeks the culinary world of London will follow after foreign cooks and foreign recipes at Olympia, and this is all to the good, as providing means of banishing the *bête noire* of monotony on the menu. Good, that is, if the Italian, Austrian, Hungarian, French, and Swiss dishes which attract us are carried out in our homes with due regard to their distinguishing characteristics. While we should maintain old English customs which have been handed down from mother to daughter for many generations, the methods and recipes of our Continental friends are delightful as a change. With this end in view, it will not be inappropriate to consider a few favourite foreign dishes which may, with advantage, be used to give variety to English menus.

Spain has clung to its cookery with as much tenacity as it has clung to its religion, and here is a Spanish way of treating rabbit which is equally good applied to hare, pheasant, or chicken.

Prepare the rabbit and cut it into joints, putting aside the liver, etc. Fry the joints, and a little sliced onion, in olive oil, until browned on both sides. Put them into a pan with the oil in which they fried, cover them with stock, add a few slices of bacon, a clove of garlic, a *bouquet* of herbs, salt, pepper, and two or three chillies. Let all simmer gently until tender, skimming carefully and stirring occasionally with a wooden spoon. Half an hour before serving add the giblets, and when these are cooked, serve very hot. Let no one hesitate to try it because it comes "in such a questionable shape." It is most excellent.

Delicious in itself, the following form of chestnut pudding is interesting, as with slight variations it forms the basis for the famous Nesselrode pudding named after the Russian diplomatist. Make a custard with half a pint of milk, the yolks of three eggs, a

sweetened to taste, and flavoured with Maraschino. Add the broken meat of three or four cooked chestnuts, and put the mixture into a freezer to freeze until firm.

"Petticoat tails" are cakes made from a recipe that has come to be regarded as Scotch, but in reality it was introduced into that country by Mary Queen of Scots from France, where it was called *petits gâteaux taillés*, from the cake being baked in one and then cut up.

The cradle of modern culinary art was Italy, which in the sixteenth century was supreme in all arts, the chef's included. Its supremacy is being daily demonstrated in our midst at the Taverna Medicea in Frith Street, presided over by Signor Barberi, formerly proprietor of the Isola Bella, who knows as much about "bookery" as he does about cookery, and whose autograph book is full of the literary and artistic efforts of his distinguished patrons. Here, while discussing a delicious omelette, *Involtino d'Uovo Medicea*—true product of Italy—followed by a most excellent *zataglione al Marsala*, it was permitted to study this book, and to see that among those who had eaten here are the Duke of Aosta, Prince Udine, the Italian King's nephew; Edmund Dulac, W. B. Yeats, Maurice Moscovitch, Lydia Lopokova, and a host of other interesting people.

Pleasant gastronomic reflections, and contemplation of the ancient Florentine look of the appointments, remind one that

culinary traditions came down to the Italians of the Middle Ages direct from their ancestors, and that what gave Italian cooks their supremacy was that they were ever alive to the importance of flavours.



A RESTAURANT UNIQUE IN LONDON FOR ITS APPOINTMENTS REPRODUCED FROM SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FLORENTINE ORIGINALS: A FINE ROOM IN THE TAVERNA MEDICEA IN FRITH STREET, SOHO.

pinch of salt, and sugar to taste. While still hot, add to this custard the *purée* made by cooking half a pound of blanched chestnuts in sufficient water to cover them, and then rubbing them through a sieve. Add gradually half a pint of cream, whipped,



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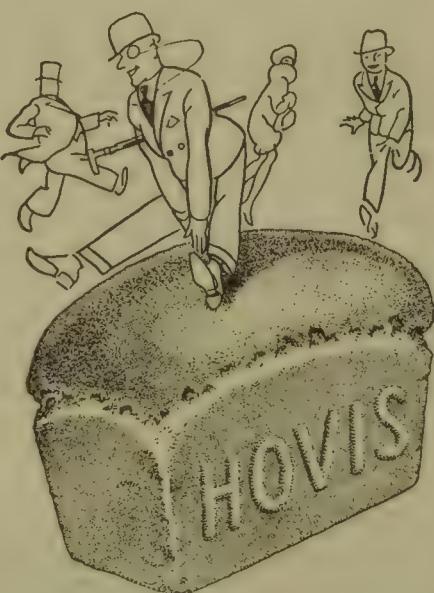
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Nom d'une pipe.

“NOM d'une pipe!” says the inhabitant of Gaul. A quaint phrase—sometimes strengthened by the prefix “Sacre” to make it more emphatic!

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28/10

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE NEW COACHWORK.

THOSE of us who went through the late Motor Show, no matter how superficially, must have brought away with us one outstanding impression of a very comforting kind, and that is that the new coachwork is a good deal better, in nearly every category, than any we have seen at previous Shows.

This applies to standard work, as made or supplied by motor manufacturers, even more than to the products of specialists. The latter have certainly designed some excellent bodies for next year. Without showing anything particularly startling in the way of novelties, they have improved on existing designs and have undoubtedly eradicated a large number of faults which should have been obliterated years ago. They have devoted more thought proportionately to the comfort of the occupant than to the appearance of the car—which is a useful advance, especially when one recalls the remarkably attractive lines of most of the "bespoke" carriages.

Some New Designs.

The average owner-driver, however, takes more interest in the sort of body illustrated in catalogues and sold to him as part and parcel of the car, and it is this lucky man, with his 1929 model, who is

to find how much makers have learnt in the past twelve months. There are some very promising new designs, especially in the "sunshine" class. One in particular, the Singer "As-You-Drive" (I cannot remember the phonetic spelling of this description), struck me as one of the best attempts at solving the British Climate problem. The driver converts the car from a tourer to a saloon, and back again, by turning a small handle, and he need not stop in order to do it.

The "British Climate" cars are really difficult to evolve, and the "sunshine," excellent as it is, is, in my "fresh-air-fieid" opinion, a compromise. I am not greatly enamoured of sliding roofs, although I like the effect of light and air they produce. In my ideal British Climate car you should be able to abolish the walls as well as the roof, if you want to. The Humber "Dual Purpose" body, with its "coachbuilt" windows and its touring hood, is another laudable attempt to achieve the sort of thing I believe most owner-drivers want.

Greater Comfort.

Apart from these new or improved designs, however, the new coachwork has improved very considerably in general ways. I noticed that upholstery was better, softer, thicker, and trimmed

in more durable material. More (long-needed) attention is being paid to the wants of the long-legged driver and passenger, either by lengthening the body space by just those few inches that make all the difference in the world, or by sinking wells in the floor, or by both methods. Doors are wider, and, although there is still a craze for the minimum of body-space in "sports" models (no fault of the makers, this), cars for next year will be decidedly easier to get out of and into than during the past few years. And the finish of the new cars is really a great improvement on anything we have had before. The new cellulose and the better treatment of the fabric bodies are going to be responsible for one thing very cheering in the coming dark months—it will be the exception rather than the rule to meet a shabby or dingy car on the road. The days of elbow-grease are mercifully numbered.

The New Fiat "Six."

One of the most interesting of the new year's models is the new 17-50-h.p. Fiat, which I had an opportunity of trying a month or so before the Show. It is interesting chiefly because of its price, the chassis costing only £295, and the open touring body, which I tried, £340. These would be low figures for almost any make of car, but for cars like Fiats I consider them to be rather remarkable. The engine of this new car is rather larger than the very fashionable two-litre, having a bore and stroke of 68 by 103, which gives it a cubic capacity of 2244, and a Treasury rating of £18.

There is nothing remarkable about the design of it, the valves being the side-by-side sort, the head being detachable, ignition by coil and battery, with the distributor very accessibly mounted on the top of the cylinder-block, and the cooling by pump. It has two excellent features, however, in detail work: one, the vibration damper carried on the forward-end of the crankshaft; and the other, a particularly well-thought-out "hot spot" for the carburettor. A fitting which is not very usual in European cars is an oil-purifier, which is attached to the dash-board. The four-speed gear-box is centrally controlled. The clutch is of the single-plate type, and it enables gear changes to be made easily and noiselessly. The gear ratios are low, top speed being 5.3 to 1, and the others in proportion. This is usually the case with Italian cars, which are primarily designed for a life on mountain roads.

There is nothing startling about the performance of the Fiat, no attempt having been made to disguise it as a semi-sports car. It will do about 60 miles per hour in comfort, and its low third speed will carry it up the majority of hills to be met with on main roads in this country very briskly. Its outstanding feature is its flexibility, which is, to my mind, something quite out of the way. On very perceptible hills you can slow the car down to something like ten or twelve miles an hour on top gear, and find it pick up and get away again really fast without a gear change, as if the power of the engine were at least twice what it is. Naturally, some of this is due to the low gear, but it is not a circumstance which need worry the owner, as the engine is so well balanced that you are not conscious of any high revolution rate. It is a really restful car to drive, the steering and the road holding being particularly good.

Another feature I liked very much was the four-wheel brake system, which is certainly one of the very best I have ever met. It has no vacuum operation, being simply what is known as the self-energising type, and it is really remarkable how light a pressure on the pedal is needed to bring the car to a standstill without the slightest sign of a jerk. At the price it would be unreasonable to expect the finish of the Fiats of other days, but the car is very decently turned out, and seems calculated to withstand hard usage. The wheel-base is 9 ft. 6 in., and the weight of the chassis about 15 cwt. An English-built coupé is available at £375, and a four-door saloon at £425.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

Expect the Unexpected A different kind of Six

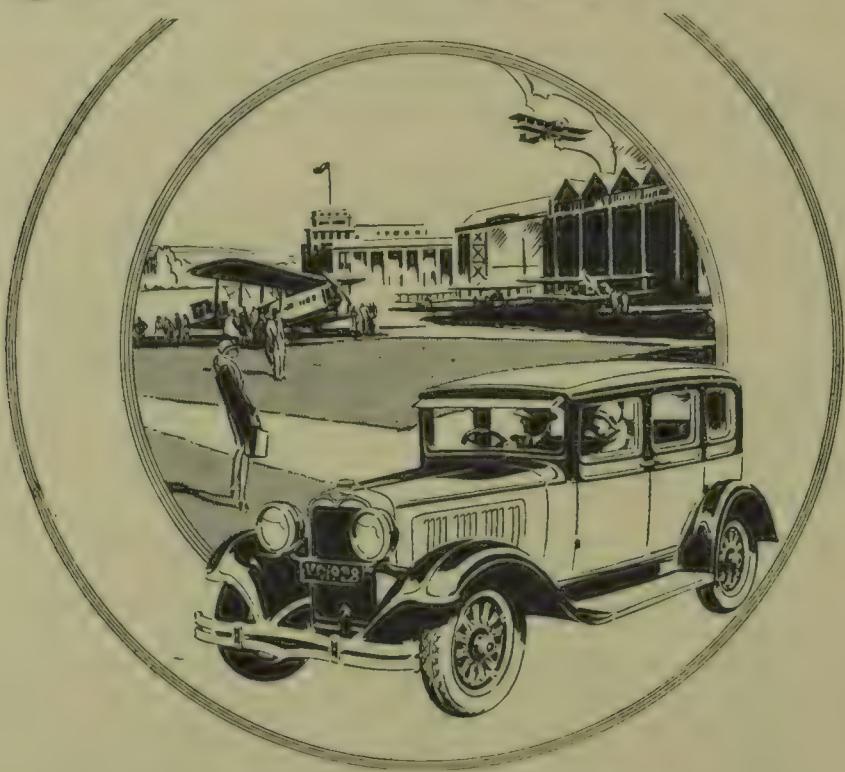
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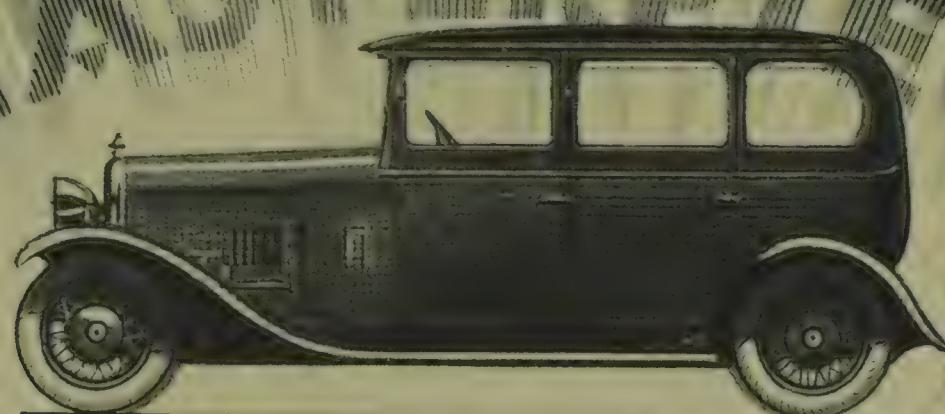


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ALVIS

"MASTER OF THE

KING'S HIGHWAY"

THE HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued from Page 764.)

power which is independent of the State. There are the teeming numbers of the Churches of all confessions, great and small. There are the professional and workmen's syndicates. There is the American Federation of Labour, which group represents and mobilises millions of workers. There are the innumerable associations for national, moral, political, and intellectual propaganda, constituted with the most varied aims, whose incomparable equipment and untiring activities help the will of the Sovereign People to make up its mind on the gravest questions of each moment. Usually these associations are ignored in Europe. This is a mistake. They are a vital organ in American democracy, for it is they which breathe life into the spirit of the public, enlighten or deceive it, and lead it aright or astray, and, in any case, prevent it from going to sleep. Numerous, rich, served by a general staff of active and clever employés, they bring influence to bear on the parties, the newspapers, and Governments. No sooner has one of these associations attained a certain importance than it establishes a central agency in Washington, so as to be in direct contact with the central Government and the President. It seems that there are about 150 of these central agencies in Washington. It is difficult for the President to treat any affair of major importance without having to pick a bone with one or several of these great associations.

Finally, there is Public Opinion and the newspapers which are its organ. . . . This invisible and mysterious power disturbs and complicates everything by its inexplicable, sudden changes. From whence do they come? Certain writers maintain that the liberty and sovereignty of the people are mere deceptions in America, because public opinion, which appears to be the arbitrator of everything, is in reality manufactured by syndicates, interests, associations, and newspapers. But can syndicates, associations, and newspapers create that opinion at will, or are they not rather obliged, if they wish to succeed, to guess what public opinion really wishes without knowing clearly what it desires? The wills which are let loose upon the public as the result of such propaganda, are they not rather those which are already powerful in the deep recesses of the collective mind? However that may be, it is certain that in America, as in all other countries, there are questions to which public opinion is supremely indifferent. It ignores them. In such questions the Government, and consequently the President of the Confederation, enjoys considerable liberty of action.

But there are questions upon which public opinion, either spontaneously or because it has been worked up, pronounces itself in a clear, resolute fashion. With regard to such questions the Government and the President are then only the executors and trustees of that invisible and formidable will before which even the great powers of earth must bow. The American President is, in fact, the

Chief of a Republic in which the will of the people is no longer a constitutional fiction, or an abstraction of ideologists, but a living reality, voiced by a large number of organisations which, from outside, work upon the Government. The Government, with its chief, is the organ which translates into laws and actions the impulses of all the governing forces which are disseminated over the vast extent of the country. It is necessary that Europe should take account of this, if she wants to understand America, and avoid in future the many mistakes into which she has so often fallen during the last fifteen years. By isolating the Government from these forces which support it and cause it to act, by imagining the President of the United States to be a kind of Emperor or temporary King, we have exposed ourselves to many disappointments—that of the Treaties of Peace which America has not ratified, for example.

A few days after the publication of the agreements arrived at between President Wilson, M. Clemenceau, and Mr. Lloyd George on the guarantees for security which England and the United States were going to give France, I was talking to an American friend, a very intelligent and cultivated man who knew his own country very well, and Europe also. He told me without any hesitation that it would be impossible for the American Senate, whose approbation was necessary, to ratify the Treaty of Peace which had been prepared in Paris. And, as I could not hide my surprise and anxiety, he explained to me in two minutes why the Senate would not approve of the Treaty.

"You have been in America," he said to me. "You know that with us the great questions in which national interests are involved cannot be treated of or decided without the consent of public opinion. I will not tell you that the hundred million Americans are all Richelieus or Metternichs. But, as a fact, they nearly all possess a certain kind of rough common sense. How will that rough common sense judge the treaty which is proposed to us? By this treaty, by the guarantee we should have to give, we should engage ourselves in advance to intervene in European affairs under agreed conditions. That is a formidable engagement, for you cannot imagine that people who live in California or in Illinois will wish to go and fight on the Rhine or the Danube simply because it would be a pleasant outing or an amusing adventure. And what do you promise us in return for such an important undertaking? Nothing."

"There was a question which interested us very much and dragged us into the war. That was the question—or the combined questions—called by the rather vague name of 'the liberty of the seas.' The Peace Conference put them all aside with a single gesture. All that we have gained by the war is that we are forced to build an immense fleet to replace the German one, so that we do not remain at sea at the mercy of Britannia, the ruler of the waves."

"And in addition you wish us to engage ourselves to

intervene in all the European complications which may occur? We did intervene this time in a great European war. Nothing prevents us from intervening another time if it should be necessary. But be sure that we will retain the liberty of deciding each time whether the necessity for intervention exists or not! President Wilson is dreaming if he imagines that the American people will sacrifice that liberty merely in order to be agreeable to him."

I was much impressed by this reasoning, and I asked my friend to explain to me President Wilson's attitude. How was it possible, if this were so, that he was under such a delusion as to the mind of the American people? Instead of replying, my friend shrugged his shoulders. He probably meant to say that even the most intelligent statesmen are sometimes victims of strange delusions when their interest or their vanity is involved. Which is only too true!

In our issue of Oct. 20 a photograph of Newchurch-Kenyon Parish Church appeared with a statement that it had recently been electrically wired throughout by Callenders Cable and Construction Co., Ltd. In correction of this statement we are asked to explain that, although the cable and wiring used were supplied by Messrs. Callenders, the actual wiring of the church was carried out by Messrs. Guppy and Lloyd, of Leigh, Lancs.

The London office of the Lloyd Triestino (Waterloo Place, Regent Street, S.W.1) announces that the company has placed in its Far East service finely equipped new motor vessels of 15,000 tons, by which the first-class passage rate works out at about 30s. per day, less than one would pay at many a leading hotel in an English or Continental resort, or under 12d. per mile for the round voyage of 25,000 miles, including excellent cabin accommodation and *cuisine*.

We regret to find that, in the supplement to our issue of Oct. 6, a mistake occurred in our reference to the West-End establishment of Messrs. H. Pontifex and Sons, Ltd., of 43-44, Shoe Lane, E.C.4, the well-known sanitary engineers, to whom was entrusted the sanitary equipment of Inveresk House. By a printer's error, the name of their West-End branch was given as "Messrs. A. Samuel and Sons, Ltd.," whereas the correct name is Messrs. A. Emanuel and Sons, Ltd. The address of this firm, which Messrs. Pontifex acquired some time ago, is 9-13, George Street, Manchester Square, W.1, close to the Wallace Collection. The show-rooms there are very conveniently situated for clients resident in the West End.



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October 1st, 1928.

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(Signed)

E. G. Wolfe Barry.

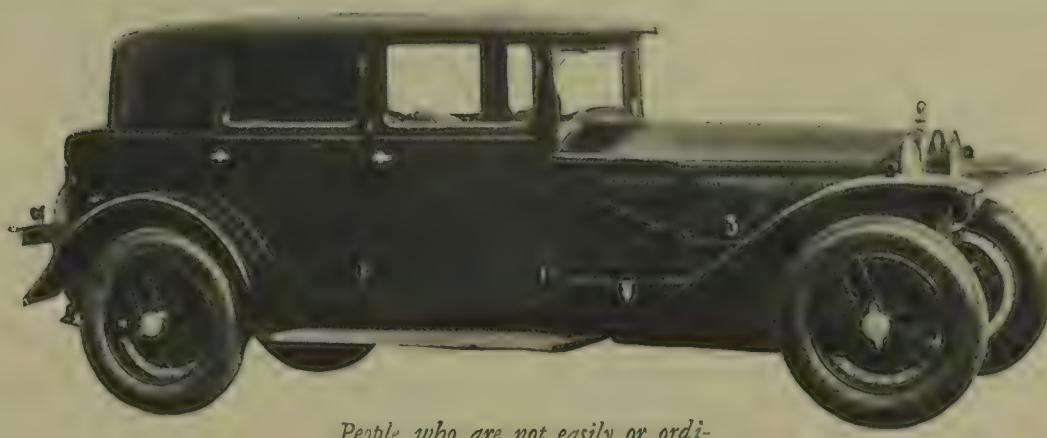
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MARINE CARAVANNING.—V.

THE 20-FT. CABIN CRUISER.

THE majority of small cabin cruisers are used as day boats; but, though they cannot provide much head-room in the cabins and at the same time be seaworthy, there is no reason why they should not be employed for cruising by those who will overlook their shortcomings. There are many days in the year in which these boats can cross the Channel in safety, and, once they are on the other side, the European inland waterways are as open to them as to their larger sisters. Their accommodation is not luxurious; but, for two persons prepared to "rough it" a little for the sake of cheapness, they provide the least expensive form of "Marine Caravanning," except the outboard motor cruisers.

The drawing shows an inboard engine of 6 h.p. as the power plant, which, like those I described last week in the 30-footer, can be fitted with a dynamo for electric lighting and starting purposes. I still cling, however, to dissolved acetylene as the better alternative, because it is handier and cleaner for cooking purposes. An electric starter which entails a dynamo is a popular accessory; but the engines of a boat are seldom stopped and started as often as those in motor cars, and they work under damper conditions, which frequently call for "hand starting" in preference to the electric starter. To tinker with the engine of a single-engined boat in the rain, when the engine is not under cover, is unpleasant; so I have placed the

engine in the saloon and use its cover as a dining-table. This leaves the after-cockpit quite clear.

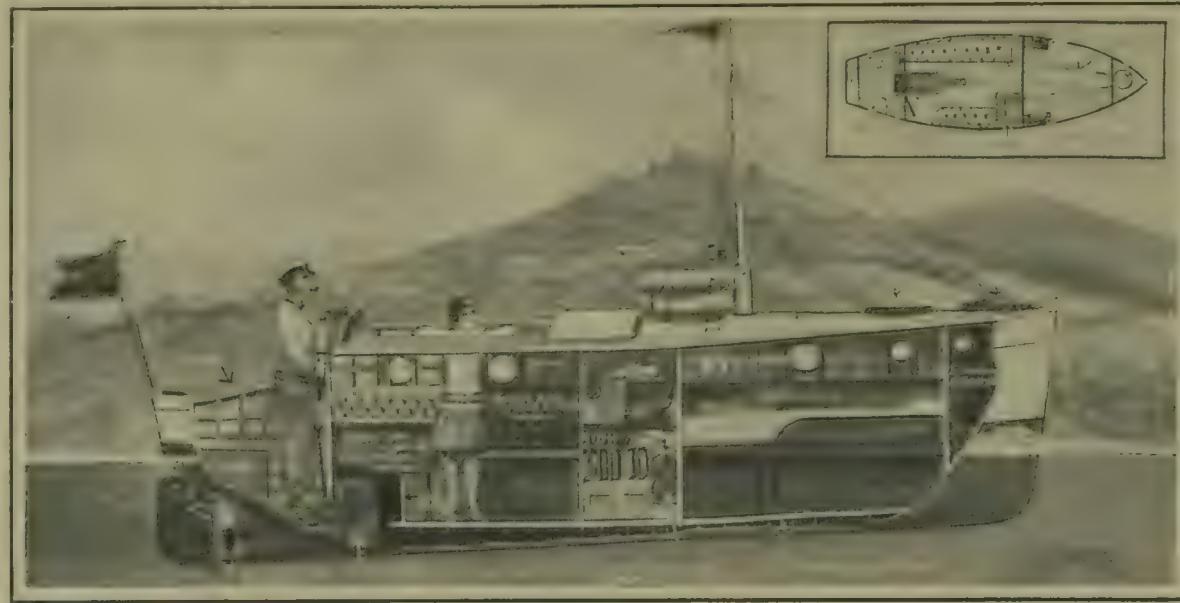
It will be seen that the deck is covered with rubber sheeting. This is almost more important in a boat of this size than in a 30-footer, for the deck planking is very thin and whippy, and when trodden on it tends to become a little uneven, and, like the floor boards of a house, very soon breaks up any covering which is not elastic, and produces leaks. After many years' experience of painted canvas hoods in motor

The price of a boat of this sort, if fitted with the various extras which I have enumerated, and built to a high specification for cruising purposes, will be in the region of £320 to £420. As a day boat, however, with no special sleeping or living accommodation, it should be possible to obtain a new boat for about £150, if built on cheap lines by a firm who specialise in that sort of work. Her speed with a 6-h.p. engine will be 7 to 7½ knots, and the fuel consumption half a gallon per hour. As a cruiser she

may cost more than a motor cycle and side-car, but she will be cheaper to run; for, if a motor-cycle tour is compared with a cruise in such a boat, the hotel bills of the former make the cost very great, whereas in a cabin cruiser they are non-existent.

Those who may still be afraid of the expense may be interested to hear of a novice who, last winter, bought a second-hand 32-ft. motor cruiser. He was employed by a large London firm, and, after he had spent three weeks afloat in his vessel, he let her in turn to various colleagues for their holidays, with the result that the whole initial cost of the boat has been repaid to him during this single season. In these days, when great efforts are made by firms to increase the health of their employees, I cannot

G. HAMPDEN.



ONE OF THE LEAST EXPENSIVE FORMS OF MARINE CARAVANNING: A SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR A COMFORTABLE LITTLE 20-FT. CABIN CRUISER.

The little boat has an over-all length of 20 ft. with 6 ft. beam. She is provided with a 6-h.p. motor driving a single propeller, the engine being ingeniously placed under the cabin table. The saloon is 8 ft. in length with a sliding water-tight cover to give head room in fine weather. The state room is 6 ft. long, and provided with two berths.—[Drawn by G. H. Davis.]

boats, which have to be painted frequently in order to keep them watertight, I prefer, in addition, some sort of rubbered material for the cockpit hood. Now boats of this size are used very extensively on "mud-crawling" expeditions up shallow rivers and creeks, so it is most important to have the propeller well protected by a skeg from damage caused by running aground.

see why they should not consider the purchase of motor cruisers for hire to those who serve them. The purchase price would very soon be repaid to the firm.

CHESS.—For reasons of space, our "Chess" column is omitted this week. It will be resumed in the next issue.

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Turn on the tap and strike a match! That is all you have to do when you want to use the lights or stove. Compressed acetylene is contained in a steel cylinder, and is absolutely safe, and when a cylinder is exhausted, you can substitute a full one in a couple of minutes. Dissolved Acetylene provides just the right solution of the problems of lighting and cooking in a craft where an electric installation would not be an economic proposition. Write for fully illustrated brochure.

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FOUR MILES HIGH! Light Aeroplane Height Record Broken on

WAKEFIELD
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On Thursday, Oct. 4th, Lady Heath attained a height of nearly 23,000 feet on a D.H. MOTH Light Aeroplane, thus breaking (subject to confirmation) the World's single-seater light aeroplane height record. The Cirrus engine of Lady Heath's plane was lubricated with Wakefield CASTROL.

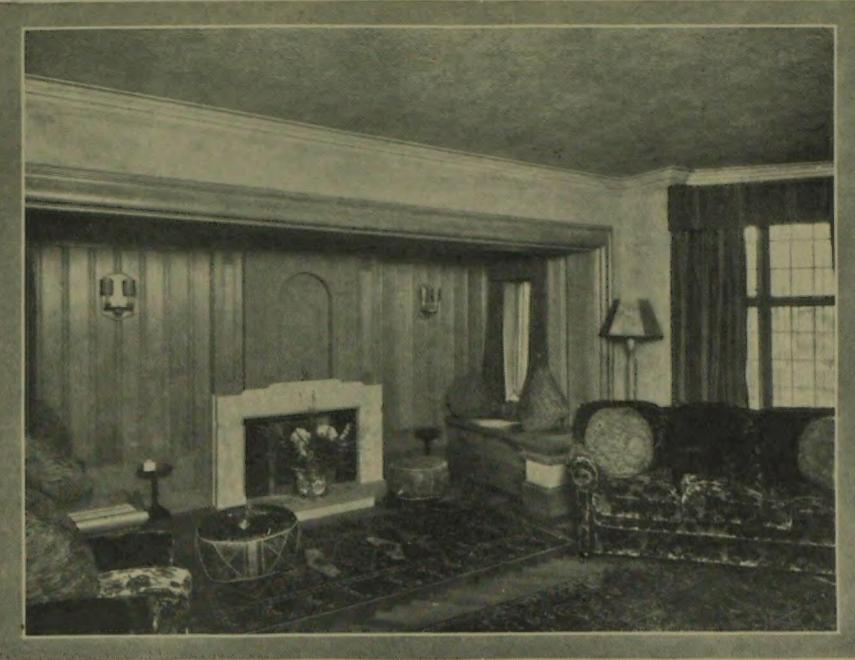
The two-seater light aeroplane height record of nearly 20,000 feet by Capt. G. de Havilland on a GIPSY-MOTH, was also made on CASTROL.

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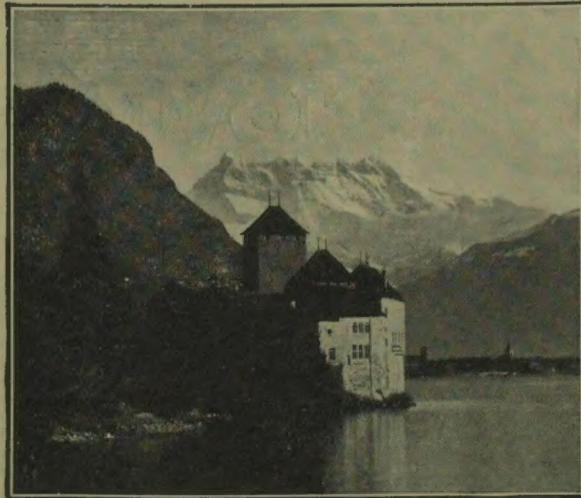
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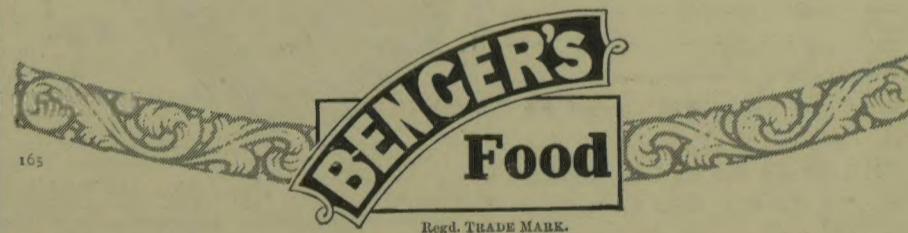
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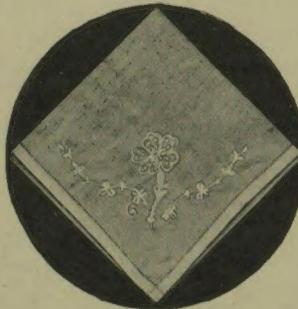
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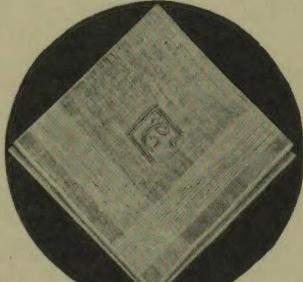
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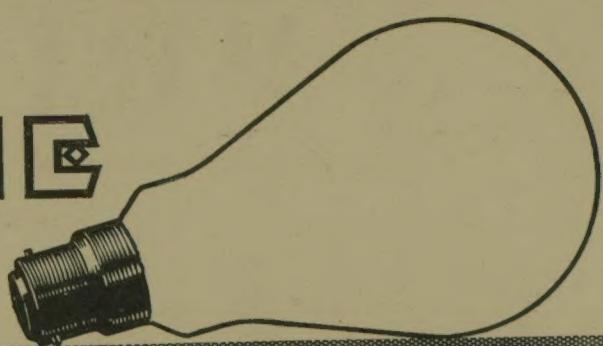
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